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NATIONAL REVIEW

WHY I AM NOT A NEO

George Gilder

SEDATE REFLECTIONS ON THE CRISIS IN EUROPE

John Lukacs

IS THERE A VERDICT BY THE VATICAN ON THE COMMUNIST REVOLUTION?

John Burke

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The Spirit of America

Sundown on the Mississippi by Lisl Dennis

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MARCH 5, 1982
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Letters

Qaddafi

I would have liked to hear from Arnold Beichman his prescriptions for getting rid of Qaddafi—"the most dangerous man in the world today" ["Qaddafi's Safe House for Terrorism," Feb. 19]. The West must develop a strategy by which Qaddafi-type psychopaths can be taken care of before they have fulfilled their designs. What more does Qaddafi have to do before we set the CIA upon him? Nuke Philadelphia?

Benjamin Fawcett
New Haven, Conn.

The Red and the Black

Professor Cord's statement ["The Myth of Separation: Understanding the First Amendment," Jan. 22] that the Establishment Clause, "although addressed to the Congress, has by the U.S. Supreme Court been made binding on the states through the Fourteenth Amendment" does not do justice to a significant indication by the Framers that their concern with governmental religious activity was specifically limited to action by the Federal Government. The states were left free to use public money for religious purposes and were in fact authorized to do so in the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Constitutions of the time. The fact that the Court, many decades later, may have found it expedient to extend the prohibitions of the Bill of Rights to the states is simply not relevant to the clear language of the First Amendment at the time when it was adopted.

Along with Professor Cord, I am deeply concerned with the views of those who find in the Establishment Clause an implacable hostility to all government participation in and finance of religious activity. Perhaps the point raised above will give some support to the impressive arguments which he makes in attempting to put to rest this erroneous, albeit widely held opinion.

William J. Risteau
San Luis Rey, Calif.

Robert Cord's article on Church and State was right on target; clearly, the Founding Fathers intended the First Amendment not to safeguard society or the state from the influence of religion but, rather, to preserve and protect religious liberty from encroachments by the state.

Our forefathers believed that a society's public morality depends upon a religious foundation, and that the beneficial influence of religion on private and public morality is indispensable to the maintenance of good government and the survival of self-government. Consequently, the Founding Fathers sought to support and foster the religious impulse and enterprise.

The Founding Fathers did not intend governmental "neutrality" toward religion. The First Amendment scholar O. Carroll Arnold rightly observes: "One would never dream of asserting that the government is neutral toward freedom of speech or the press, and it is (or at least should be) equally non-neutral toward religion and religious freedom."

Haven Bradford Gow
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Alarum

I've been reading your excellent commentary "Wake Up, Catholics" ["The Week," June 12] regarding the Maryknoll support of Marxist insurgents in El Salvador.

I believe the need for that "counter-organization" you spoke of then is even greater now, as many of our prominent ecclesiastics seem to be flirting with Marxist capitulationist notions.

Our shepherds, it seems, need to be reminded that American Catholics are overwhelmingly committed to the defense of the values of Western civilization generally and of this country and its institutions and values in particular.

Hopefully, the *NR* crew will be conspicuous in articulating these sentiments and mobilizing the faithful.

Peter Byrne
Flushing, N.Y.

Leviathan

In "The Burnham Distinction" ["The Week," Jan. 22] your editorialist comments that "the distinction between totalitarian and authoritarian regimes was developed by James Burnham in an important series of columns for *NR* in 1974." In fact, this distinction was developed by Dr. Hermann Rauschning in his far-sighted book *Time of Delirium* (Appleton-Century, 1946), p. 246 *et seq.*

For those not familiar with him, Dr. Rauschning received a doctorate in history from the University of Berlin and became president of the Danzig Senate in 1933. Thereafter, however, his personal familiarity with the top Nazi leaders (including Hitler) and their true aims led him to resign his office and leave Europe. He wrote a number of other books during the war years, including *The Revolution of Nihilism* and *The Voice of Destruction* (which consists largely of Hitler's "off the record" thoughts and comments during the early years of his power).

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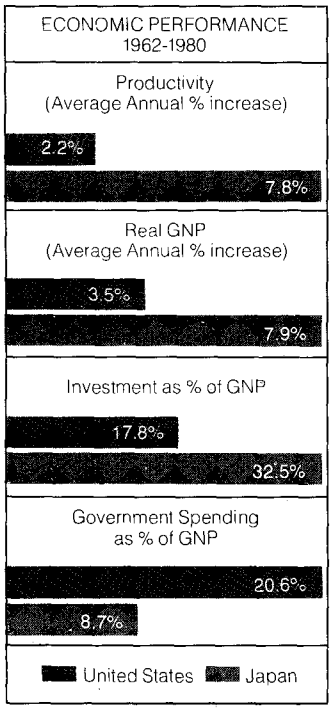
Productivity Gains. In any business, that's the name of the game. And right now, American business is losing its lead.

Since 1962, Japan, for one, has increased its productivity 3½ times faster than we have.

What we tend to forget though is that, in terms of productivity, we taught them the game. So much of what they started with in technology and management skills was once stamped "Made in America."

The point is they've learned a lot more from us than how to hit home runs and how to execute the double play.

This chart compares the U.S. economy with Japan's over the 1962-1980 period.



During those years, Japan's GNP growth rate in constant dollars was 2.3 times ours, because its investment rate was 1.8 times ours; its productivity grew 3.5 times ours—while government spending as a percent of GNP in Japan was less than half ours.

We've seen that when government spending goes out of control, so do taxes and inflation. And that results in the private sector losing control of its economic future.

Here are some additional figures for our economic scoreboard: Each year, 115 million Japanese invest more in new plants and equipment than 220 million Americans. So on the average, machinery in Japan is now 6 to 7 years newer than here. That's why a certain Japanese automaker can produce 9 engines per employee-day while one large American car company turns out just 2.

And so today, Japan leads the world in automobile production; it has surpassed us in steel production and dominates world markets in cameras, hand-held calculators and television sets.

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President Reagan has provided the incentives by cutting taxes and eliminating excess regulation. Now it's up to us to support our President and make the most of these new incentives.

We'll need to be more responsive to those for whom we work and more skillful in motivating those who work for us.

Increased individual initiative, coupled with a willingness to take on more responsibility, will pay off immeasurably for each of us and for our nation.

We don't think we're asking too much of ourselves or of anyone else: Just the kind of energy and creativity that has already given the world everything from the computer chip to the curveball.

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of a changing world.

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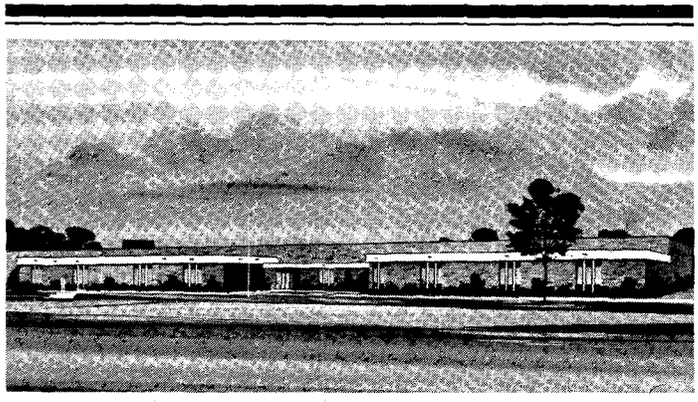
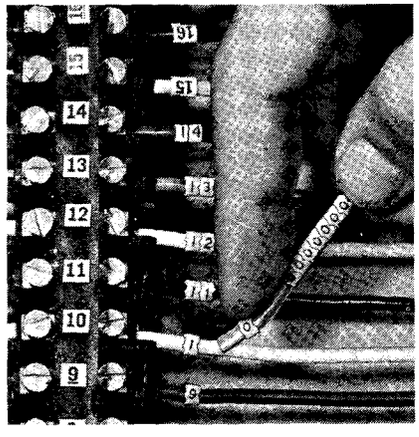


Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



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Time of Delirium discusses in detail the political, economic, and spiritual aspects of the conflict between the Western democracies and the Soviet Union. In that book, Dr. Rauschning forecasts, among other things, such current examples of the Western malaise as the "pacification" of Europe and the continual encroachment of the public sector on the private. His perspective and insight make his analysis worthy of serious attention.

Jonathan M. Menn
Appleton, Wis.

The Class of '49

John Roche admits ["The Way *Some* of Us Were: Cornell, 1946-49," Feb. 5] that the Class of '49, of which he is so proud, miseducated its kids. But didn't they pull a few other boners too—like botching the cold war, running the economy into the ground, and going along with the philosophical erosion of the West? Sorry, Anthony Harrigan wins this round.

Philip Key
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mouths of Babes

If the UN should still be functioning in its usual way when the Heath children come to maturity, it is my fervent hope that at least one of them may be appointed to a post therein ["The True Sprit of Chrismas," Dec. 25]. "Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic."

The cold wind of logic, even as displayed by 12- and ten-year-olds, is not apt to pervade the halls of that institution, but I can hope.

Myrtle L. Brewer
Marion, Ill.

In Defense

I was dismayed to find in the "Letter from Washington" [Nov. 27] a cheap shot directed at Rear Admiral James Nance, USN (Ret.), who is serving with distinction on the staff of the National Security Council. In the article, he was dismissed as "an amiable retired rear admiral and gifted raconteur . . ."

This comment is unworthy of NATIONAL REVIEW. I have followed Admiral Nance's career since he served as commanding officer of the aircraft carrier *Forrestal* operating in the eastern Mediterranean in 1968. Following his selection for flag rank, he was given many important assignments, including Assistant Vice Chief of Naval Operations. He is a brilliant speaker on strategic issues and, in all respects, is superbly equipped by experience and training to serve on the National Security Council. Unlike so many of the academic paper-shufflers who have held such posts in the past, Admiral Nance has had *real* responsibilities in defense activities. The

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author of the "Letter from Washington" apparently has no understanding of the training and testing which a flag or general officer undergoes in his career.

Anthony Harrigan
United States Industrial Council
Washington, D.C.

Laurels

I find that I enjoy the poetic efforts of W. H. von Dreele tremendously.

Is it possible that Mr. von Dreele has a slim book of verse, tucked away in some tiny bookmonger's shelf, hidden from the eyes of discerning *literati*?

If he doesn't, he should bring one forth. After all, if Howard Ruff was able to alphabetize his many views, and record his voice, Mr. von Dreele owes it to his fans to publish his entertaining verse.

Please persuade him to do so, as I for one would buy two.

Charles J. Hallett
Babylon, N.Y.

Vergil's Anniversary

If the poet Vergil died in 19 B.C., the two-thousandth anniversary date would be 1982, not 1981 ["The Week," Dec. 25].

There was no year zero, so that the time span between 1 B.C. and 1 A.D is one year, not two.

The identical mistake was made at his worldwide birthday celebration in 1930.

I was studying Vergil at the time, and my professor said the marking of his birthday would continue into 1931.

Anyway, a good excuse to honor this noble poet for one more year.

Edwin A. Leland Jr.
Covington, La.

Help

I am currently conducting research for a book I am writing on the Personal Ad Phenomenon. This curious method of meeting people has permeated all levels of the social fabric and has even found its way into the prestigious pages of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Some of the more creative ads I have read have been published in *NR*'s pages. The political and intellectual interests of your readers would provide some interesting background for my research. Any of your readers who wish to participate in this intriguing study are invited to write me (835 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C. V67 1K9, Canada). For those requiring anonymity, discretion is assured.

Jack J. Fairley
Vancouver, B.C.

Last Word

Now that all the furor over FDR's centennial is over, I'd just like to know how he's enjoying his fireside chats now?

Greg Byrnes
Waterbury, Conn.

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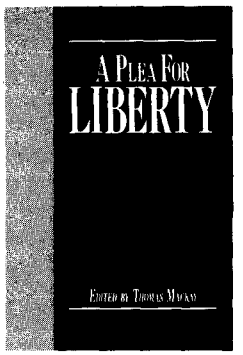

A Plea For Liberty
An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation

Edited by Thomas Mackay
Introduction by Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Jeffrey Paul

Twelve essays, first published in 1891, by British authors investigating the impact of "social legislation" upon the people and economy of Great Britain and Australia at the turn of the century. The discussion is both theoretical and empirical. Among subjects considered are: labor unions and labor under coercion or freedom; the condition of the working class; effects of protectionism on labor, agriculture and industry in Australia; free libraries; the role of the State in education; the Post Office, State housing, and State ownership or regulation of utilities.
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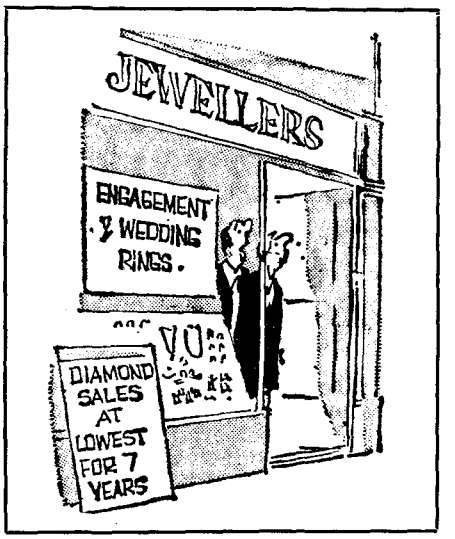
FOR THE RECORD

■ Vision of projected $91.5 billion deficit for fiscal year 1983 has rejuvenated House Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill**. "It's going to be a more interesting year this year," he says. "We're going to have a lot of victories . . ." Congressional coalition that won for **Reagan** last year is coming apart. Rep. **Kent Hance** (D., Tex.), one of key conservative Southern Democrats in last year's budget victory, says he can't vote for a deficit that high. Rep. **Phil Gramm** (D., Tex.), another key conservative, says, "the clear consensus is that the deficit is too big, and something has to be done about it." To the delight of Democratic leaders, Reagan budget has made many **Boll Weevils**, who had been talking of leaving the party, rethink their plans. . . . In response to hullabaloo over budget, Reagan recalled a remark by **James Burnham**, who noted that surgeons found it hard to operate on Democrats because it was so hard to "separate demagogic from solid tissue without causing the death of the patient." . . . Supply-sider **Craig Roberts**, who recently left Treasury Department, says too much attention is being paid to size of the deficit. Deficits, he says, have to be measured in terms of the size of the economy and the savings available to finance them: "In 1976, the deficit was $66 billion in an economy of $1.7 trillion. In 1982, the deficit is about $100 billion in an economy of $3.1 trillion—a smaller deficit." . . . Budget furor obscured some good economic news. **Producer price index** for finished goods in January increased by only 0.4 per cent. January rise, compounded, is equivalent to annual increase of 5.3 per cent.

■ Put a lid on it, Cap. That's message of Western banking community to Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger**, who says Washington's controversial decision to cover interest payments on guaranteed loans to Poland is under constant review. Weinberger opposed decision and is telling one and all that Polish default would hurt entire Soviet bloc's effort to get credit from Western banks. A Treasury official has said that, because of federal loan guarantee agreement, Federal Government might have to pay U.S. banks close to $2 billion owed to banks by Poland over next two years. . . . Conservative Caucus, headed by **Howard Phillips**, has sent 220,000 letters asking supporters to urge U.S. banks to demand immediate repayment of loans. Phillips says group sent a special petition to **David Rockefeller** asking him to "be a leader in getting our money back home." . . . **Americans for Democratic Action** has ratings out for 1981, and only two senators—**Ted Kennedy** and **Carl Levin** (D., Mich.)—got a perfect 100, while eight—**Strom Thurmond**, **Barry Goldwater**, **Jeremiah Denton**, **John P. East**, **Jake Garn**, **Orrin Hatch**, and **Steve Symms**—got perfect zeros. . . . Move over NCPAC, Democrats are getting their PACS together PROPAC—Progressive Political Actior Committee—has been formed to go after such dangers on the Right as Sens. Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) and **Harrison Schmitt** (R., N.M.). These men are targeted for '82. In '84, PROPAC will gun for "most dangerous man in American public life"—**Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.).



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"There are far too many couples cohabiting these days."

■ Duck, elections are coming March 28 in **El Salvador**, and whoever wins, bodies are going to fall. The rebels' **Radio Venceremos** has promised to disrupt elections "before, during, and after" balloting. Leaders of right-wing Nationalist Republican Alliance say that if they lose, they will fight to keep the country from going "Communist." And if they win? Christian Democratic leader **Adolfo Rey Prendes** claims that "more than five thousand Christian Democrats will be killed like rats." . . . In neighboring Nicaragua, **Sandinistas** have freed three prominent businessmen who were jailed last October for signing a letter describing country's rulers as Marxist-Leninists. Release is probably due to Mexico's President **José López Portillo**, who said he wouldn't visit country until businessmen were freed. . . . Hasn't received much press attention in U.S., but ***three Catholic nuns*** and ***two priests*** were recently expelled by Nicaraguan authorities on account of "counterrevolutionary" activities. "The U.S. priests and nuns," the government announced, "were asked to leave the country because of their rather unevangelical and un-Christian attitude of promoting hatred for the revolution" in certain quarters.

■ In Poland, **Solidarity**'s supporters are awaiting the change of seasons. In Warsaw, Gdansk, and other cities, one sign is sprouting everywhere: "The winter is yours, but the spring will be ours."

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THE WEEK

■ The Federal Government now spends three times as much, per month, for interest on the federal debt, as the entire Federal Government spent, per year, at the time FDR took over and got things moving.

■ Oh, those Voodooeconomic forecasts. Two weeks ago, *U.S. News* compared the Reagan team's official forecasts for 1981 with the results for 1981. Reagan prediction, total national output: up 1.1 per cent. Actual increase: 1.8 per cent. Reagan prediction, personal income: up 11 per cent. Actual increase: 11.3 per cent. Consumer prices, Reagan prediction: up 11.1 per cent. Actual rise: 10.4 per cent. Reagan prediction, average unemployment rate: 7.8 per cent. Actual unemployment average: 7.6 per cent. From which it is clear that a) the White House forecasts are hyperrosy for political purposes, and not to be trusted; b) the Reagan team's prediction for real growth of 3.4 per cent for 1982 is likely to be off by at least .6 per cent (it will really be 4 per cent); c) likewise, unemployment will average not 7.3 per cent, as the White House claims, but closer to 7.1 per cent; and therefore, d) Reaganomics is a failure; so, e) we should increase taxes, slash the defense budget, and hype social spending by f) electing more Democrats to Congress. For your supply-side doll, complete with pins, write to Tip O'Neill's office. No, no, no: Tip, not the doll.

■ Lovers exchanged valentines, baseball free agents signed fat contracts, George Kennan thought the latest Soviet policy represented a significant change, and the UN passed its umpteenth anti-Israel resolution. So what else is new? What's new is that umpteen was one too many for New York's Mayor Ed Koch, who suggested that the UN go some place else, Austria for instance—"where Hitler came from" (though that is being a little hard on Austria, which after all gave us Mozart too, whereas what good has the UN done?). The consequences for international diplomacy would, of course, be catastrophic—no more dinners at Lutèce (*zut alors*), no more East Side townhouses (*que barbaro*), no more Broadway shows, or 42nd Street shows for that matter (*gehe in drerd*), no more really high-class tarts (*is having very many blondes here, no?*). Espionage would decrease significantly, the mendacity rate would plummet, New Yorkers could park again, the ambassador from Kiribati (pop. 56,000) would have to fly home (*drive me big bird-place, I pay you three cowrie shells*). Go to it, Ed.

■ *Time* magazine and the *New York Times* both ran major stories last month on unemployment among inner-city youths, particularly blacks: 42 per cent nationwide. The usual sounds of alarm. John Kenneth Galbraith noted a tone of "great unrest," in a debate on Reaganomics at Harvard; the *Village Voice* was less suave, talking of "armed rebellion." Meanwhile, someone, somewhere, must have been flipping through back issues of *Time*, specifically to January 21, 1980: "An authority on blacks and jobs—[Walter] Williams calculates that this year's 7 per cent increase in the minimum wage will cause unemployment among low-skilled black teen-agers to rise to at least 40 per cent." What does one do—set up more job-training programs? "No. There used to be job-training programs that were free. In fact, they paid wages. These were the thousands of low-paying jobs that gave young people a chance to get into the marketplace and learn the basic skills of finding a job and keeping it. Today, we have cut the bottom rungs off the economic ladder."

■ As of this instant, Barry Goldwater Jr. is the leading Republican contender in California's multi-candidated senatorial race, with about twice the support of his leading opponents, Representative Paul McCloskey (who ran against Nixon for President in 1972) and Mayor Pete Wilson of San Diago, both of whom have twice as much support as presidential daughter Maureen Reagan, who has one-third more support than right-wing Congressman Robert K. Dornan, who, however, has three times as much support as state senator John Schmitz (who ran against Nixon *and* McGovern in 1972 on the platform: "Those who go to work should live better than those who don't"), who has twice as much support as businessman Ted Bruisma, who, while at 1 per cent, presumably has more support than Nobel Prize-winning scientist William Shockley, who announced five days after the incumbent, Senator Hayakawa, said he wouldn't run again. At least three of the above—front-runners Goldwater, Wilson, and McCloskey—are far ahead of their most probable Democratic challenger Governor Jerry Medfly, whose ratings plunged *after* Hayakawa announced his retirement. We'll keep you posted.

There's Always Nature

Consider the oceans, whose tidal demands
Ignore the occasional kingly commands;
Whose scaly inhabitants move by design,
Some swallowed, some swallowing, deep in the brine.
From fidgety crab to the ponderous whale,
They mate and renew in enormous detail,
Oblivious in the primordial slime
Of dives of the Dow or the rise of the Prime.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It is mid-winter in the nation's capital, and conservatives are jittery. Ronald Reagan's fortunes have taken a sharp, worrisome turn for the worse. Political soothsayers talk of impending and apocalyptic disaster. Foreign policy and its assorted dilemmas aside, the President's economic revolution appears to have collided with a stone wall. The GOP Hill leadership is in flight, the Boll Weevils are in hibernation, and the White House is in shock. Stockman continues undermining the President, hinting darkly to Hill leaders that the President's projected budget deficits—bad as they are—will really fall short of the fearsome and towering realities they will actually turn out to be. House Republican leader Robert Michel, pronounces the deficits "mindboggling." Senate Majority leader Howard Baker calls Reaganomics "a riverboat gamble." Parlous times for Ronald Reagan who has everyone against him except the people. It's enough to make even strong conservatives sob aloud.

The most troubling feature of the current contretemps is the universal breakdown in discipline: party, Congress, Cabinet (notably Haig and Weinberger), and White House, with the last mentioned being the putative source of the malaise. The President himself is principally to blame: he has let the reins of his government go too slack, so the insiders' consensus goes here. Second to blame is James Baker, who alone at the White House has the authority, experience, and talent (not that he is irreplaceable) to mount a lobbying effort of the force and scope to do for the budget what was done for AWACS. But Baker appears to lack the inclination, his problem being that, on the one hand, he has wanted (and continues to want) the President to raise taxes and, on the other, he opposes further social spending cuts as politically disastrous. Rather than take on the President again in the area of defense spending cuts, Baker appears simply to be riding out the storm, letting an AWACS-esque budget-acceptance campaign on the Hill be everybody's business, which is then, of course, nobody's business.

■ The root problem here was addressed at length by the President with troika aides Ed Meese, James Baker, Mike Deaver, and National Security Advisor William Clark, in a recent, 75-minute conversation with six movement conservatives, columnist Stan Evans, Ed Feulner (Heritage Foundation), John Lofton (*Conservative Digest*), John O'Sullivan (*Policy Review*), Alan Ryskind and Tom Winter (*Human Events*), the third such meeting since the election. The gravamen of the discussion (agreed upon beforehand by the six) was held to the proposition that personnel is policy. Ronald Reagan, alas, has populated his Administration with so many individuals whom Clifton White aptly terms "mercenaries" as to make Reagan's policies pointless. You can't lead a revolution singlehandedly; you need generals, and committed ones.

When Stan Evans recited the names of a few such mercenaries, he omitted reference to Baker who was sitting right there. Baker interrupted the proceeding and—in a manner more muted than has been reported elsewhere but with effect—said, Let's face it Stan. You're really including me in that list of waffling accommodationists. To which Evans, undaunted, replied, Well, now that you mention it, Jim, you're exactly right.

The upshot? Reagan supported his staff, but singled out no one save Al Haig, whom he endorsed unreservedly. He noted that if staffers failed to disagree with him when they thought him wrong, they would be failing in their duty. Regarding leaks from the staff to the press with the object of manipulating the course of public policy, the President said such leaks enraged him, and made him "want to kick the walls."

■ Assessing the event, mavens here see minuses and pluses. On the positive side, the White House, since the meeting, has been making a rash of calls to prominent conservatives to check out matters of personnel and policy, and John Lofton was granted a forty-minute interview with the First Lady at which she indicated how much the President had enjoyed the meeting, and how he wished to do it again. On the minus side, the meeting drew from the President expressions of support for his staff, and in so doing may have entrenched him to a level of defensiveness and stubbornness that will make necessary sackings even more difficult. "He thinks that *Newsweek* is his enemy," said one wise Washington veteran with high level White House access. "His real enemy is the presence close to him of those who do not really believe in his ideas. He lets them stay on. It's his tragic flaw."

■ The current gloom in Washington may soon be dispelled by events, i.e., the Reagan economic recovery, the signs of which, though not boomed by the Administration (for political reasons) are nevertheless real: inflation and oil prices incredibly down, harvests (save citrus, but Brazil can do duty there) generous, and labor cooperation on wage contracts unprecedented. Given the sometimes lovable procrastination of the Congress, especially on budget-making, Reagan may just win in his current race against time. —CATO

■ Ed (Lou Grant) Asner is heavy into El Salvador. He has just presented a check for $25,000 to something called "Medical Aid for El Salvador." More precisely, it would appear to be headed for the leftist guerrillas in El Salvador. Asner and his friends don't just send money to *any* old medical charity in *any* old country. Well, at least we're partly recovering from the old Vietnam syndrome. The idea that we should stay home and mind our own business applies only to reactionary forces. Progressives recognize that it is their bounden duty to provide aid wherever on this earth it's needed.

■ A good way to find the nearest anti-nuke or peace demonstration is to consult the *Daily World* (U.S.A.), *Morning Star* (Great Britain), *l'Humanité* (France), *l'Unità* (Italy). The international Communist press applauds the peace movement and covers its marches, meetings, speeches, and demonstrations assiduously, providing only they occur on this side of the Curtain. On the other side it's a different story. The Reverend Rainer Eppleman, author of the Berlin Appeal, which calls for the withdrawal of *both* American and Soviet troops and weapons from German soil, was last seen heading off for jail in East Berlin.

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"This joker slipped over the border from Poland seeking asylum, Comrade, but all the asylums are full."

■ It is revealed in the *New York Times* that Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis secretly paid more than $50,000 over a period of 23 years to Felix Frankfurter for his work as Brandeis's personal political lobbyist. According to Professor Bruce Murphy, "Brandeis was able to perceive a needed reform, devise an analysis to support it constitutionally and jurisprudentially . . . orchestrate its publication in prestigious law reviews, have the abstract ideas then drafted into legislative proposals, and, if all else failed, cite all these independent efforts as mandate and intellectual authority to use the formal power of the Supreme Court to change the law." Phew. This puts John Ehrlichman's accusation that Justice Warren Burger talked with former President Nixon on several occasions about matters before the Court firmly in the minor leagues.

■ Rupert Murdoch has told the union employees of the *Times* of London, which is losing money at a disastrous rate, that unless six hundred of the 2,600 permanent staff jobs are cut, he will shut down the paper. Too much to ask? Not if you consider that the *Daily News*, also in danger of being closed down, has about four thousand employees, compared with the staff of the Murdoch-owned *New York Post*, which totals about four hundred.

■ West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is, let's face it, in an unenviable position. His own party, the ruling Social Democrats, is demanding a veto over any proposed stationing of Pershing missiles in West Germany, and just the other day, a regional party organization in Hamburg called for a nuclear-free zone in central Europe that would include the Federal Republic. Schmidt meanwhile is under constant pressure from Washington not only to stand firm but to play a leading role in the revivification of NATO. And so he vacillates, one day seeming to support the disarmers within the SPD ranks to his left, another avowing his fidelity to NATO. Often forgotten, as George Bailey pointed out recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, is that the SPD was also against the rearming of West Germany and against the European Defense Community. Its primary goal has always been the reunification of the two Germanys and SPD strategists believe that this can come about only if the Soviet Union agrees to it in the form of a permanently neutralized Germany. They make a compelling case —a case symbolized by that massive grey wall that cuts the city of Berlin in two. The Soviets put it up. The West let it stay.

■ Eighty per cent of American colleges and universities have recognized student organizations for homosexual activities, according to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. In a survey of 150 institutions, the *Chronicle* found that less than 3 per cent exclude such homosexual organizations. The homosexual clubs enjoy the same facilities and the same access to general funds as other recognized student organizations. Like segregated black and other ethnic student clubs, the homosexual clubs represented the response of college administrators to the demands of out-groups during the Sixties. Whether these ethnically and sexually segregated institutions should be a permanent feature of American campus life promises to be high on the agenda for debate. As a matter of fact, it already is. One Ivy League undergraduate is now applying for official recognition for a group devoted to bestiality —a move designed to challenge liberal administrators to draw the line somewhere, and explain their principles (if any) in so doing.

■ Bail out Poland? Lenin said we'd sell them the rope, but he did expect to pay for it.

■ Why don't we send David Stockman over to explain that there's no such thing as a free rope?

■ Maybe we've reached a higher phase of capitalism.

■ There is something unhinged from time, not to say timeless, about the work of the *Washington Post*'s resident cartoonist, Herblock. Back in the 1950s, when military spending took 15 per cent of the GNP and half the federal budget, he was drawing fat generals and skinny social spenders. Now defense has shrunk to 6 per cent of GNP and a quarter of the federal

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budget, but Herblock's generals are just as tubby and his social spenders just as emaciated. Even his drawing style hasn't improved. It's enough to suggest a definition: HERBLOCK. See: writer's block; a condition that arises when a cartoonist can't think of anything new to say.

■ Several California ski areas have been required by a state ruling to install wheel-chair restroom facilities in locations reachable only on skis.

■ Federal investigators deny there has been any coverup of an enormous counterfeiting ring operating in the nation's capital under the leadership of a number of prominent politicians. They say it's all quite legal and is actually a charity organization.

■ Reputed charity kingpin Thomas P. (Dutch) O'Neill was unavailable for comment.

■ Rumored compassion artist Edward M. (Hot Wheels) Kennedy could not be reached by telephone but through a spokesman called the allegations part of a campaign to oppress the widow and the orphan.

Caribbean Decision Time

As we go to press, all signs point to a tougher Administration stance on El Salvador, and to an emerging design for the Caribbean area. In El Salvador this probably means an enhanced mix of military and economic measures. Much debate will ensue over this, essentially a debate over "means." What must be crystal clear, however, are our "ends" in the Caribbean, the irreducible goals of U.S. policy.

One thing is very clear. The United States cannot countenance the establishment in the Caribbean area of a local annex of the Soviet empire run through Havana. Period. Clearly, an attempt is underway to establish just such a Communist mini-empire. Nicaragua has become a component. El Salvador and Guatemala are next in line. Mexico's oil resources, located in the southern part of the country are potentially vulnerable. But U.S. policy cannot permit this emerging design to be consummated. About that there can be no question whatsoever. With this goal established as axiomatic, we can proceed to a discussion of tactics. Having willed the end, we must follow through and will the means.

No one need pretend that the situation in El Salvador is neat. The current regime there, with all its acknowledged shortcomings, is the product of a coup against a preceding regime also in its time the product of a coup. The regime's claim on formal legitimacy remains shaky, though it may be strengthened by the forthcoming elections. The historical record of El Salvador is one of turbulence. Its institutions of order, however rudimentary in the past, are in serious disrepair. No side has a monopoly on cruelties. To call for an alleviation of the brutalities in tones suggesting the existence of benign institutions along the lines of John Locke's philosophy is wholly beside the point. Only those who believe every hood to be a Robin Hood regard the guerrillas as a force for civility, justice, and democracy.

The guerrillas in the field represent a relativey small force. It should not prove impossible to inflict prohibitive casualties upon them. Helicopters, counter-insurgency training for the local military, perhaps a mobile hemispheric force drawing upon Latin American nations and operating in the name of collective security, mining, naval blockades, economic and political pressure—the means can be many and varied once the ends have been firmly established.

We will hear much about "another Vietnam." The comparison does not bear examination. In only one way is the situation in El Salvador analogous to Vietnam.

The decisive factor in Vietnam was the North Vietnamese army, one of the best in the world. Guerrillas played almost no role in the outcome in Vietnam. Their true role was political, providing cover, internationally, for what amounted to an invasion of the South by the North. No force comparable to the North Vietnamese exists in El Salvador or is available to the struggle. There is no real counterpart of the Ho Chi Minh Trail or the Laotian and Cambodian sanctuaries. Rather the opposite, in fact: the Caribbean provides an excellent environment for U.S. naval activities.

Just about the only valid analogy between Vietnam and El Salvador lies in the support being given in the United States and internationally to the Marxist side there.

Electronic Wars

Beginning now, *NR* plans to pay unremitting attention to a vital sector of the battlefront, the role of the American media in relation to the unfolding political struggle. *NR* will attend to the overall Western media as a backdrop. But our segment of the battlefront is here, and we are watching it closely.

In its last issue (Feb. 19), *NR* senior editor Joseph Sobran took notice of a concerted effort on the part of the major media to manufacture public opinion. We are skeptical about the ability of the media to actually achieve their desired effect: can they *really* manufacture opinion? Or do people *really* respond to more concrete experience? Nonetheless, the attempt to manufacture opinion is surely underway.

In his February 19 piece, Mr. Sobran refers to the "winter blizzard of ideology" now pouring down upon us from CBS, and, by extention, from the rest of the

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high-powered electronic and print media. Mr. Sobran is an astute analyst of those flickering images and those flickering sentences, all soon forgotten—but making their point, drip, drip, drip. This promises to be an ongoing struggle, and *NR* will monitor its twists and turns, whether over the budget, El Salvador, or something else.

If you attend to the major media, if you take your image of reality from the Seven O'Clock News, you would certainly be shocked by the following statistics about the actual concerns of public opinion. The electronic and print media are now hyping unemployment and, in general, "suffering." They are doing so specifically in connection with the reduction of *federal* programs. The reduction of inflation, on the other hand, has been a prime goal of the Reagan Administration, and inflation is now moving down toward the middle single digits. We consult the latest Gallup Poll. What national problems are Americans most concerned about, as of January 1982? The figures:

High cost of living; inflation	49 per cent
Unemployment; recession	28 per cent
Reagan budget cuts	7 per cent

Something very interesting appears here. Most of the electronic domestic media coverage is concerned with the budget cuts, and their supposed baleful effects. What's left over is concerned with unemployment. The hierarchy of interest is precisely inverted. The reduction of inflation gets, if at all, passing notice.

Now, how about still further budget cuts, which the major media inveigh against with every generic weapon at their command? Let us consult the NBC News Poll. "Do you think President Reagan should propose spending cuts in order to reduce the federal budget deficit, or don't you think so?" As of January, public opinion broke this way:

Should propose spending cuts	65 per cent
Should not propose spending cuts	26 per cent

Again, consider the NBC Poll: "If you had to choose between the two, would you prefer that President Reagan propose tax increases or federal spending cuts to help reduce the federal budget deficit?"

Tax increases	17 per cent
Federal spending cuts	72 per cent

Our point here is not, of course, that public policy ought to be made according to the latest poll. Rather, it is an epistemological point: that a widening gap exists between the hierarchy of media concerns and the very different hierarchy of citizen concerns.

In fact, there seems to be a kind of epistemological war going on, and this, in turn, seems to us to be one of the most important phenomena of our time. We intend to subject it to continuous scrutiny, but, meanwhile, we provide some useful data.

Two political scientists recently went to work and produced some fascinating data. They were Professor S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Professor Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They published the results of their inquiry in the October/November issue of *Public Opinion*.

Lichter and Rothman singled out the most influential media outlets, both print and electronic—all of those anyone would name. Next, they selected at random from among those responsible for news content—reporters, editors, executives, columnists, bureau chiefs, etc. From this random sample, they interviewed 240 for one hour apiece.

Lichter and Rothman found that among these elite media people the percentage voting for the Democratic candidate in presidential elections never dropped below 80 per cent between the years 1964 and 1976.

Hold your breath. That includes the landslide defeat of George McGovern in 1972. That also includes the landslide victory of Lyndon Johnson in 1964—in which he carried the country by a mere 62 per cent of the vote. It includes a segment of American history in which Republican candidates twice carried the Presidency, and in which a third election, 1976, went down to the wire. There is only one conclusion to be drawn here: the overwhelming majority of the nation's media elite are passionate adherents of liberal Democratic candidates.

NR plans to study their behavior on a continuing basis.

Nobody's Darlin'

Mrs. Gandhi overran
Sikkim and East Pakistan;
Got herself removed and then
Got herself put back again,
Meanwhile helping Sonny see
How to start a dynasty.
In Nirvana, I've a hunch
Daddy must be pleased as punch.

W. H. VON DREELE

Costa-Gavras's Imposture

Nor is the will to manipulate confined to television and the printed word. To your movie screen there will soon come a new creation by the Paris-based Greek director Costa-Gavras called *Missing*. It's a major item, starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, and it's also a fraud, reeking so much that the *New York Times* felt constrained to publish a lengthy and highly censorious analysis of it.

Missing comes at the audience as a documentary, announcing that "This film is based on a true story. The incidents and facts are documented. Some of the

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names have been changed to protect the innocent and also to protect this film." (The words "based on" in that quotation might provide a parachute for Costa-Gavras, but only if you stretch them very far.) After such an announcement, the audience certainly has a right to believe that what it sees on the screen represents verifiable fact.

But it does not. The central contention of *Missing* is that the American Embassy in Santiago conspired with the Pinochet junta to murder an American free-lance writer named Charles Horman because Horman knew too much about American participation in the 1973 Pinochet coup against the Allende government. No proof exists that any of this is true as regards the fate of Horman, and intensive investigation, by the Senate and by many others, has not produced evidence of any American participation in the 1973 coup.

So far as the established facts are concerned, what we do know is the following. Charles Horman did disappear during the 1973 coup. His father Edmund, a New York industrial designer, went to Chile to search for him. Mr. Horman became convinced that the U.S. Embassy was concealing information about his son, and he sued 11 U.S. officials for $4 million. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence. In 1979, a lawyer named Thomas Hauser published a book based on the theories and suspicions of Edmund Horman.

In *Missing*, however, Costa-Gavras presents these theories and suspicions as established fact. "The incidents and facts are documented," etc. When challenged about the lack of evidence supporting what amounts to the criminal charges made by the film, Costa-Gavras takes refuge in the claim that he is an "artist," and that as such he has the license to do what he pleases to make an effective film. This is disingenuous. *Missing* purports to be a documentary, to be dealing with fact. In reality, however, it is only a leftist fantasy.

We note with interest, but also sadly, that Jack Lemmon, one of our ablest actors, seems to be making a habit of appearing in these things. He recently starred in *The China Syndrome*, another tendentious fantasy, this time directed against nuclear power.

The Times Says He's White

Buzz hiss crackle hummmm "Reagan Administration" click pop drone "no real interest in blacks" oink squeak rasp "nor sensitivity to their concerns" crackle buzz hummmm.

Or noises to that effect, from Tom Wicker and dozens of others. The Administration keeps trying to appoint blacks (gotta have blacks—gotta have blacks) to top civil rights posts. Trouble is, it wants to appoint blacks who agree with most Americans, rather than the establishmentarian Ford Foundation Justice Department *New York Times* Editorial Board three piece Afro types. The further trouble is, you can't be a black who agrees with most Americans and be an *accredited* black. From their inception, all the equal opportunity and civil rights commissions were intended to be liberal strongholds, and the liberals make it a point to insist on their being formally headed by liberalism's own credentialed and domesticated black cadres, with proven loyalty to "civil rights" causes, from busing to quotas—the "concerns" of black people.

Put any other kind of black in, and the people who are so gung-ho for affirmative action will submit his qualifications to withering inspection. The entire New York-Washington axis of liberalism is now bent on humiliating the Reverend B. Sam Hart, a Philadelphia radio preacher in line for the Civil Rights Commission, who heretically opposes ERA, busing, and the elevation of sodomy to a civil rights issue.

The Reverend Hart actually appears to be a representative American, sharing the views of most of us —of all colors—on sacramental liberal concerns. If he has any real defects besides this, the post can always be filled by a truly qualified person, regardless of race or sex.

The Bonnie Pope

In Ibadan, Nigeria, the black band played a spirited "Polly-Wolly-Doodle" to welcome the short stocky pontiff, late of Poland, more recently of Rome. In the Ibo region, the native bands swung into "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean," and the surging black crowds sang out their welcome. At Mass on Sunday, stout Protestant hymns of the Reformation rang out over the rhythmic beat of gourds, orchestrated by primitive instruments of metal scraps and gut. The Sanctus was in Latin, a cadenced rendition that filled the church to the rafters.

From Marxist-Leninist Benin, a poor benighted, desperately hungry land, to Equatorial Africa, where imperialism was replaced by a native tyranny that has taken tens of thousands of lives, from powerful, oil-rich largely Moslem Nigeria to largely Roman Catholic Gabon, Africans turned out in masses to greet the white-clad, somewhat frailer Pope, making his first foreign trip since an assassin's bullet failed to quench his vital spirit nearly 11 months ago. They danced their ritual dances, cheered him, waved jerry-built yellow and white Vatican flags, sported pins that read "Pope John Paul, We Love You."

And they listened to his often lengthy homilies spoken in the heavily accented, but fluent English and French of their colonial past. In the midst of squalor, of dirt, of poverty, of rags, of malnutrition, of injustice and hopelessness, he nevertheless made some telling points about the dangers of encroaching civiliza-

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tion, of modern influences that while bringing material gain can corrupt the spirit: of divorce, contraception, abortion, and polygamy, of corruption, bribery, embezzlement, of callousness toward the poor and weak, of the crimes that men commit against their fellow men.

The message he preached in what was once known as darkest Africa was the same he preached in New York, in Rio, and Rome, the universal truths that do not change whether accompanied by a Gregorian choir or a jungle drum.

Gulag Pipeline

Last month, Gaz de France, a state-owned company, signed a 25-year contract with the Soviet Union doubling French gas purchases (see also Brian Crozier, p. 216). Having iced the basic deal, the parties are working out details. Three French banks—one state-owned, two others about to be nationalized—loaned the Soviets $140 million to enable them to complete purchases of French equipment needed to construct the pipeline. (After the Polish crackdown, Russia's German creditors decided to withhold the last 15 per cent of a similar loan; now they too will undoubtedly kick in.) The French government also gave the go-ahead to Creusot-Loire, a manufacturer of compressor units and a licensee of General Electric, despite promises that French companies would not be permitted to fill any breaches caused by an American embargo. Alsthom-Atlantique, another GE license-holder, is reportedly under contract to provide American-style turbines to the Soviets.

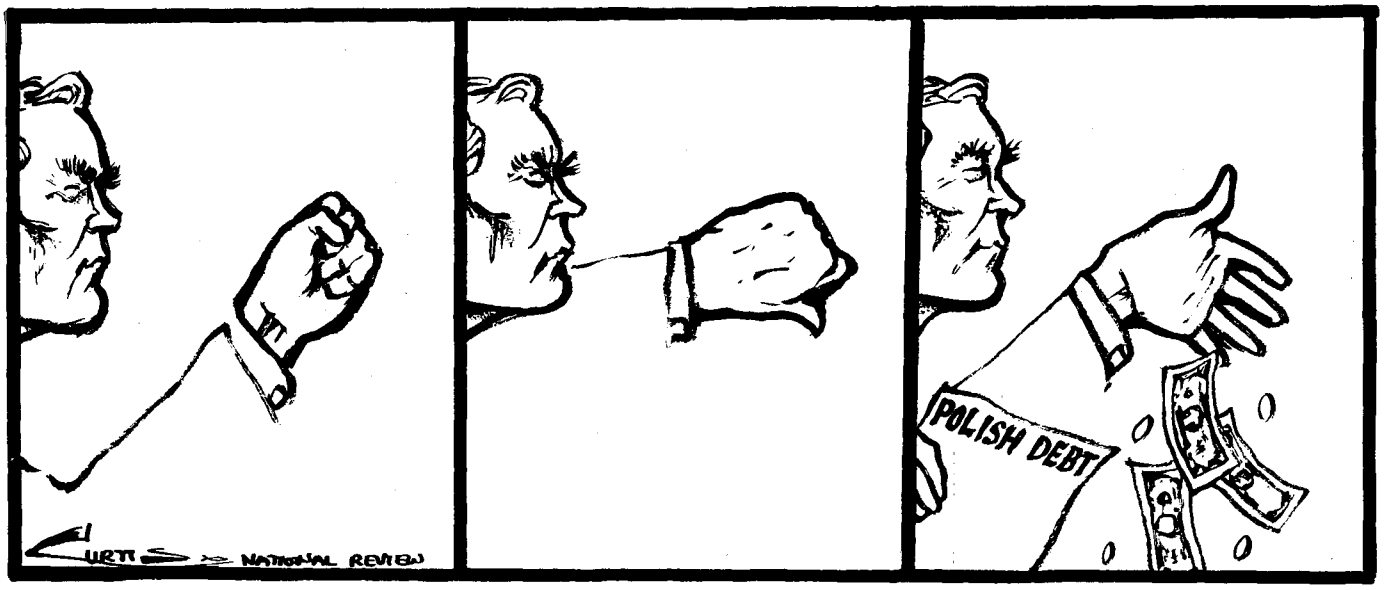
France is conspicuous only for the especially large gap between its rhetoric and its performance. West Germany and Italy have signed fat Soviet contracts; and two other NATO members are expected to follow suit. If all goes well, the Soviets will be making $8 billion a year from exported gas.

All the usual reasons have been advanced—detente, raising the cost of aggression—plus a few new ones: putting Europe back to work; freeing our allies from the grip of OPEC. But if you liked OPEC, wait till you've seen OGEC. Algeria, Europe's other major gas supplier, has been pushing for a gas cartel. The idea is not fanciful. By 1990, West Germany will be getting a third, France and Italy over a half, of their natural gas from Algeria and Russia. Brezhnev's successor will be in a position to make Sheik Yamani look in retrospect like a free marketeer and friend of the West.

The pipeline debate has yet to touch on another point, irrelevant perhaps to strategic concerns, but not, one would have thought, entirely without interest: who, precisely, will build it? The pipeline will wend its way to central Europe from Western Siberia —a region once sown with gulag camps. In volume II of the *Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn gives a three-page list of projects—railroads, canals, cities—erected by concentration camp labor. Salaries are low, and they don't go on strike. We should not expect businessmen too besotted to perceive their own long-range interests to bother about the possible working conditions of a few zeks; but perhaps Western European trade unionists, on whose behalf the recession-busting deal is partly justified, might inquire into the matter.

Out of the Fever Swamp

During the Sixties, as Jerry and Abby, Rap and Eldridge played street theater, Susan Sontag wowed them in the intellectual salons. She could drop show-stoppers like ". . . the white race *is* the cancer of history . . ." in mid-sentence, without pausing to breathe



Signals

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Guest Editorial

One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words "Socialism" and "Communism" draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex-maniac, Quaker, "Nature Cure" quack, pacifist and feminist in England. One day this summer I was riding through Letchworth when the bus stopped and two dreadful-looking old men got on to it. They were both about sixty, both very short, pink and chubby, and both hatless. One of them was obscenely bald, the other had long grey hair bobbed in the Lloyd George style. They were dressed in pistachio-colored shirts and khaki shorts into which their huge bottoms were crammed so tightly that you could study every dimple. Their appearance created a mild stir of horror on top of the bus. The man next to me, a commercial traveler I should say, glanced at me, at them, and back again at me, and murmured, "Socialists," as who should say, "Red Indians." He was probably right—the ILP were holding their summer school at Letchworth. But the point is that to him, as an ordinary man, a crank meant a Socialist and a Socialist meant a crank. Any Socialist, he probably felt, could be counted on to have *something* eccentric about him. And some such notion seems to exist even among Socialists themselves. For instance, I have here a prospectus from another summer school which states its terms per week and then asks me to say "whether my diet is ordinary or vegetarian." They take it for granted, you see, that it is necessary to ask this question. This kind of thing is by itself sufficient to alienate plenty of decent people. And their instinct is perfectly sound, for the food-crank is by definition a person willing to cut himself off from human society in hopes of adding five years on to the life of his carcass; that is, a person out of touch with common humanity . . .

Sometimes I look at a Socialist—the intellectual, tract-writing type of Socialist, with his pullover, his fuzzy hair, and his Marxian quotation—and wonder what the devil his motive really *is*. It is often difficult to believe that it is a love of anybody, especially of the working class, from whom he is of all people the furthest removed. The underlying motive of many Socialists, I believe, is simply a hypertrophied sense of order. The present state of affairs offends them not because it causes misery, still less because it makes freedom impossible, but because it is untidy; what they desire, basically, is to reduce the world to something resembling a chessboard . . . revolution does not mean a movement of the masses with which they hope to associate themselves; it means a set of reforms which "we," the clever ones, are going to impose upon "them," the Lower Orders. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to regard the book-trained Socialist as a bloodless creature entirely incapable of emotion. Though seldom giving much evidence of affection for the exploited, he is perfectly capable of displaying hatred—a sort of queer, theoretical, *in vacuo* hatred—against the exploiters.

GEORGE ORWELL
The Road to Wigan Pier
London, 1937

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or even say "of course." She could point out, with an air of slightly impatient common sense, that Hanoi and Havana already *had* socialism, so they didn't *need* free speech.

Sontag-watchers have noticed some changes over the last few years. She has had filial words for Israel. She apologized for the cancer image (she suffered from real cancer herself). In an essay on Hitler, she even spoke harshly of Communism (in The *New York Review of Books*, yet).

So the stage was set for a somewhat different kind of stunner when she stepped to the podium at a recent rally in New York for Solidarity International. Prominent in the audience were people like E. L. Doctorow, Kurt Vonnegut, Gore Vidal, all bent on claiming the cause of Solidarity for the Left. (You don't call that Soviet stuff *true* socialism, do you?)

Miss Sontag observed that the Left had told, over the years, "a lot of lies" about Communism. She acknowledged her own part in the campaign of deceit. She said that the Left's fixation on fascism had blinded it to the truth that "Communism *is* fascism, 'successful' fascism . . . fascism with a human face." She even suggested that a steady reader of the *Reader's Digest* would have gotten a better sense of "the reality of Communism" than a steady reader of, yes, *The Nation*.

The crowd went wild, all right. Hisses, boos, catcalls filled Town Hall. Miss Sontag was reviled as a harpy who had befouled the banquet of self-congratulation.

Meanwhile, the head of Solidarity International, Sava Malachowski, whose father, an official of the parent organization, has been in a Polish jail since December 13, has been explaining that the Solidarity movement is based on the social teachings of the Catholic Church. It doesn't divide society into classes or recognize a "proletariat" or give a fig for Marx.

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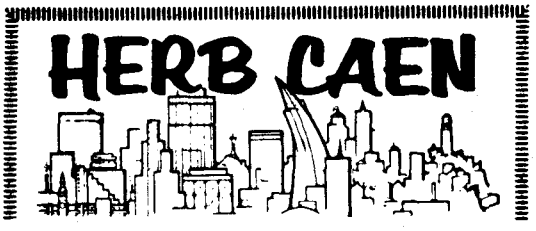
Right now it is encouraging American families to send one-on-one aid to Polish families. (Those wishing to help can get names and addresses from Solidarity International, P.O. Box 3080, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163.)

And we're just wondering: would it be awfully forward of us to send a certain lady a complimentary subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW?

Notes & Asides

Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Did you catch Herb Caen's latest?



How Little We Know

SLICE OF WRY: Maxwell Arnold suggests that William Buckley Jr., fairest flower of the right wing, is an odd choice to act as host of the TV series based on Evelyn Waugh's classic English novel, "Brideshead Revisited" (tonight's installment is on KQED at 9). On Page 543 of "The Letters of Evelyn Waugh," we find the author writing to Tom Driberg on June 6, 1960. After congratulating him on a magazine article about right-wing movements, Waugh asks Driberg, "Can you tell me: did you in your researches come across the name of Wm. F. Buckley Jr., editor of a New York, neo-McCarthy magazine named National Review? He has been showing me great & unsought attention lately & your article made me curious. Has he been supernally 'guided' to bore me? It would explain him" . . . If anything can.

★ ★ ★

■ Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle
Dear Herbert:

The item on Brideshead, Waugh, and me was understandable fun. Though perhaps a little skepticism would have been in order, even as I'd have shown skepticism toward any writer who pronounced that "Herb Caen is a bore." We are other things. The letter, Waugh to Driberg, was an inside joke. Waugh had just finished reading a book by me the last chapter of which is an attack on Driberg. Following the letter you quoted were several not listed by the anthologist, Mr. Amory, for reasons unknown. Mr. Waugh also went on to submit a piece to NATIONAL REVIEW and write a book review for us. His last letter to me I quote:

Combe Florey House, Combe Florey, Nr. Taunton
2nd April 63

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Very many thanks for *Rumbles.* [*Rumbles Left and Right* by WFB, New York, Putnam's, 1962].

Some of the essays were familiar to me from NATIONAL REVIEW. I reread them with the same zest as those which were new. You have the very rare gift of captivating the reader's attention in controversies in which he has no direct concern. I congratulate you on the collection. At your best you remind me of Belloc; at your second best of Randolph Churchill.

. . . Please accept my greetings for Easter (which I shall be spending in Rome).

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Waugh

Herb, I thought the world of Evelyn Waugh, but sometimes when I think of what he wrote about me, I blush. Yours cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I do not wish to take up much of your time, however, I am hoping that you will find some of that time in order to answer a question of mine that I have been curious about for quite awhile.

I saw you give a lecture at Western Connecticut State College approximately eight to ten years ago. The subject matter escapes me, however, I recall not understanding what you were saying anyway. So much for my collegiate intellectual capacity. I do remember being fascinated by a certain aspect of your delivery though. You stood on the balls of your feet for over an hour while leaning (or rocking) against a podium. I was amazed. I did not think anyone could stand on their tiptoes for over an hour. You must have calf muscles as hard as rocks.

My question is (if it is in fact true), why do you do it? I related this "fact" (?) to my co-workers at the Treasury Department and they finally prompted me to write you. Theories range from: 1) I did not see you correctly, 2) nerves, 3) I'm full of s---, 4) he probably is not aware he does it.

Your answer would be warmly received.

Sincerely,
Christopher J. Wilson
Arlington, Va.

Dear Mr. Wilson: It's true I do it, but I have no answer why. Speaking of which, can you answer questions about why the Treasury does certain things?

Cordially,
—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

What to Do With Fidel?

CAP WEINBERGER IS a hawk on Europe and a dove on the Caribbean. Al Haig is a hawk on the Caribbean and a dove on Europe. In architecture this is called symmetry; in rhetoric, chiasma; in politics, disarray. Be that as it may, is Haig right in refusing to rule out the military option in the Caribbean basin? (He feels so strongly about it that he publicly rebuked Weinberger in classic Haig argot: "The sterility of drawing lines around America's potential options constitutes the promulgation of roadways for those who are seeking to move against America's vital interests.")

Of course the Secretary of State is right. Why give up half your ground? But Haig and the President are going to have to put teeth in their hardlining admonitions if they want the Hemisphere and the world to take them seriously. Threats or no threats, the Soviets moved more military hardware into Cuba in 1981 than during any year since the 1962 Cuban missile crisis: 63,000 tons of munitions and equipment, in addition to minesweepers, missile attack boats, and a squadron (12) of crated MiG planes, probably 23s, Flogger fighter bombers that can carry nuclear warheads and reach choice targets in the U.S.

The long argument here is whether these offensive weapons violate the deal that JFK cut with Khrushchev in 1962 whereby we pledged not to attack Fidel and the Soviets pledged not to emplace offensive weapons. By the way, has anyone seen this agreement? Not I, nor have I found anyone who has, or who can speak with firsthand information to these putative commitments. JFK's recently published log of tapes shows several conversations that may well be historical goldmines in this connection. Incidentally, Haig raised the MiGs matter with Andrei Gromyko in Geneva in late January.

An argument is now percolating in the Administration about whether the U.S. should try rapprochement with Cuba. Since Castro is hurting badly economically, so the softline minority position goes, he is ripe for capitalistic conversion. Exponents point to Cuba's $2.6 billion debt to the West and the fact that Castro arranged with Mexico for the latter to prepay its 1983 bill for Cuban sugar imports. It is argued, too, that, given Poland and Afghanistan, it is unlikely that the Soviets will continue the present $3-plus billion in annual aid to keep Castro's island fief afloat.

Haig's mysterious diplomacy also figures in rapprochement logic. While, on the other hand, Haig's rhetoric against Castro has been high-voltage, he met secretly in Mexico City last November 23 with Moscow's principal and most trusted proxy in Havana, Cuban Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodriguez. This meeting is linked by softliners to Ronald Reagan's recent statement that maybe the day will come when Castro may decide "to rejoin the Hemisphere."

Why Wayne S. Smith?

The doves could be overly optimistic. Haig agreed to the visit with Rodriquez (after discussing it with Reagan) largely as a placebo to Mexico, which the Cubans had been hounding to serve as intermediary. The Secretary also said he would take advantage of the meeting to lecture Rodriguez on Cuba's persistent misbehavior. Also, the understanding was that the meeting would be secret, and it would have remained such save for the tenacity of the Mexican press and Dan Rather, who siphoned it out of the President, thus giving the lie to State's earlier denials.

Yet another anomaly that has helped the dove assessment along is the presence of Wayne S. Smith as our representative at the Interest Section (Swiss Embassy) in Havana. Smith has plumped long and heavily for negotiations with Castro and a resumption of diplomatic ties. Scheduled to retire from the foreign service this summer, Smith is insouciant about making forceful policy recommendations and about whether they become public (his cable opposing Radio Martí was leaked to the press and made very heavy weather of). Smith was stationed in Havana when Castro seized power. He also served in Buenos Aires as political officer in the mid-Seventies under Ambassador Robert Hill, a solid Eisenhower Republican who respected Smith's integrity but found his politics a bane.

The obvious question is: Why does Haig permit someone whose views are so antithetic to the Administration's to man a post of such sensitivity and power, even for six lame-duck months? Is it because Smith has such ties with Castro that his information is invaluable? To be sure, the personnel problem at State (awash with liberals) stretches far beyond Smith and deserves fuller treatment than this gloss.

Target Cuba

The point, however, is that neither the Rodriguez meeting in Mexico, nor Smith's presence in Havana should be construed as a Haig (Reagan) tilt toward detente with Cuba. In fact, everything points the other way, namely to hold Castro's head under water.

Fidel is probably not your absolutely pure, totally committed, true-blue Soviet Communist. He is more of a fascist. But above all Castro is an opportunist: he will jump through any hoop if we will only dig him out of the economic hole that he has dug himself into.

Two actions the President should take soon: One, tighten the economic noose around Cuba, in collaboration with Venezuela, Colombia, and other hemispheric democracies. Two, take to TV and tell the American people what is taking place in the Caribbean basin, and what our policy is. Stand by a map and show that San Salvador is closer to Houston than Houston to New York City. Tell the people that if El Salvador falls to the Marxist Left, other nations around it will do the same. That will mean two to ten million extra boat people for us to contend with—among other effects. If the President fails to get into the act himself, the phony analogy between Central America and Vietnam that the loony Left is pressing will take hold. Then we shall all be talking like Wayne Smith. □

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Weak Links

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

As they say, a chain is as strong as its weakest link, and the chain of the Western Alliance seems largely to consist, these days, of weak links. I come back to this subject because it just doesn't go away, and because it has changed in various ways.

Take Lord Carrington. Last time round, I quoted him (correctly) as not being at all clear whether the Russians had anything to do with what was going on in Poland. Yet on January 19 we find him breathing fire in Moscow's direction and telling the House of Commons Foreign Affairs Committee that there was no doubt about Soviet involvement.

Indeed when NATO's Foreign and Defense Ministers met in Brussels on January 11, Britain's Foreign Secretary was right up front, urging upon his more pusillanimous colleagues the need for strong words and strong action. What had changed his mind? Could Margaret Thatcher have had something to do with the 180-degree turn at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office? I should not be surprised.

President Reagan, of course, was directly responsible for a similar turnabout on the part of Chancellor Schmidt when the latter dropped in for a chat at the White House. Back home, his Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who only a few days earlier had stared at Poland as hard as he could and just hadn't been able to spot any Russians, was to undergo a sudden improvement in his eyesight.

Not Born-Again

It would be wrong, alas, to jump to the conclusion that the West German politicians now in power are born-again Free World warriors. Things aren't that simple. So long as the Social Democratic Party (SPD) and Liberals (FDP) remain in power in Bonn, the Federal Republic will continue to be the weakest link in the Atlantic chain.

When the head count came in Brussels on January 11, *all* of those present went on record with a condemnation of Soviet intervention in Poland; and only one (Socialist Greece) dissented from the view that strong Allied measures should be taken against Poland and the USSR if things got worse. But the appeasers within the ruling coalition in Bonn were not going to be put off by a mere show of unanimity. On January 25, leaders of the SPD called for a postponement of any decision to deploy the new generation of American nuclear missiles until toward the end of 1983, when the party should convene a special congress to discuss the issue.

That day the mass-circulation magazine *Der Spiegel*, more stridently anti-American with each week that passes, carried details of an internal report within the German Foreign Ministry calling for a re-examination of the Federal Republic's Ostpolitik, inaugurated when Willy Brandt came to power in 1969. Why? Because the officials had noticed that there were "contradictions" between the policy of getting on with Moscow, Warsaw, and East Berlin, and behaving like a loyal member of NATO.

There is of course nothing immutable about a coalition as frayed at the edges as the present one in Germany. It is important not to lose sight of the fact that, noisy though the appeasers are there, they are a long way from being a majority. In political terms, the Christian Democrats (CDU and CSU combined) are perhaps as staunch as they were, all things considered, in the late Dr. Adenauer's time.

Then there is France, as always a special case. No Allied government, not even the American, was so ready to denounce the repression in Poland or to point the accusing finger at Moscow. Yet on January 23 we find the French government signing a 25-year contract with the USSR for the purchase of eight billion cubic meters of Soviet natural gas a year, tripling the previous purchasing commitment.

The French Premier, Pierre Mauroy, saw no incompatibility between this massive deal and France's solidarity with Poland. Not everybody agreed. Even *Le Monde*, with its long record of snide anti-Americanism and convoluted readiness to give Communist regimes the benefit of the doubt, commented that the deal would confirm to the Polish people that "they have nothing left to hope for from the West except for a few charitable gestures."

For that matter, the U.S. Administration continues to send grain to the Russians—at a time when the Soviet grain harvest is so catastrophic that the authorities kept the figures to themselves until late last month.

At every twist and turn, we come face to face with the great paradox of our time: a system that has demonstrated its total economic and social bankruptcy continues to be propped up by the free system to whose destruction it is committed. A system bereft of hope on its own merits could yet win its war against the world still outside its imperial boundaries, because the target countries allow themselves to be intimidated into commercial and economic dependence on the enemy.

A Sinister Sham

Small wonder that Henry Kissinger is impelled to say that NATO could collapse unless the basic differences between the Allies are resolved soon. But it is all very well saying so *now*: early in the last decade, nobody did more than Dr. Kissinger to build the illusory structure of detente which some commentators never ceased to expose as the sinister sham it is now seen to be.

In the absence of a united alliance, we are still of course left with the hope that the patent failures and contradictions of the Soviet system and empire will (in time, and if time is available) cause it to collapse before we have all gone under. Certainly the Soviets are not short of problems. Even now, they have not heard the last of Poland. They are bogged down nastily in Afghanistan and busying themselves with a purge of the puppet party they put in power in that suffering country.

The international Communist movement is restless. The largest Communist party outside the Soviet bloc, Italy's PCI, has been saying hurtful things about Soviet behavior in Poland, and even—blasphemy of blasphemies—about the Soviet system as a model of Communism.

One hates to say it yet again, but Lenin, a lousy prophet in regard to the "withering away" of the State, was dead on target with the bit about the capitalists providing the rope with which to hang themselves. □

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IDEOLOGY IV

Why I am Not a Neo-Conservative

GEORGE GILDER

THOSE OF YOU who read the famous issue of *Esquire* on Neo-Conservatism may fear for my life, for I am about to defy the Godfather. If I am shortly found at the bottom of the Potomac with ten bound volumes of *The Public Interest* around my neck—and only *Two Cheers for Capitalism*—you will know who did it. Lesser men have drowned merely from reading that sort of stuff. Nonetheless, I flatter myself I will survive. Having pored over every issue of *The Public Interest* from cover to cover for some 12 years, having swum through the smarms of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and having even penetrated the deepest thickets of Daniel Bell—I believe I have toughened myself enough to escape the coruscating cage of Irving Kristol and tell my shocking story to the world: how a once obedient and respectful liberal Republican from the Ripon Society could pass through the elegant labyrinth of Neo-Conservatism and end up a captive of the "politics of resentment and hate," "single-issue fanaticism," and "know-nothing fundamentalism."

Lest my attack on Neo-Conservatism be judged an act of arrant ingratitude, let me begin by granting my great debt to Neo-Conservative thinkers—or Neo-Cons, if I may coin the term. I can pay them no higher tribute than to say that I owe to them my conversion to real conservatism.

It was Daniel Patrick Moynihan, for example, who taught me that the key problem of welfare policy is its impact on the family and who introduced me to child allowances as an alternative to AFDC.

It was Norman Podhoretz who taught me, in his marvelous essay, "My Negro Problem—And Ours"—which I read aloud to friends on its publication—that the issues of black and white in America were far more complex than the facile dichotomies I had long upheld. He also showed me the incandescence of blunt truths, whether about race, money, or homosexuality.

It was Midge Decter who first illumined for me the intricate tapestries of social class and feminism—and then edited two of my books.

It was Ben Wattenberg who first revealed to me the wealth of statistics that belie the morbid liberal version of America. And it was Irving Kristol who in luminously clear and trenchant language told me far more than I can remember today about social and economic policies and their perverse effects. Nathan Glazer, James Q. Wilson, and too many others to mention also heavily contributed to the changing pattern of my ideas.

Nonetheless, I have to assert that these splendid thinkers finally failed to make me a Neo-Conservative. Irving Kristol once wrote that the unintended effects of social policy are usually both more important and less appealing than the intended effects. If I may paraphrase him, as I have so often in my career, the unintended effects of Neo-Conservative writings can be more important and less appealing to Neo-Conservatives than they might expect. The accumulated wisdom of this group, gathering to a critical mass in my mind, was finally to ignite a conservative fire that in time consumed even my Neo-Conservatism—and left me, if I may confess it, more of the New Right than the Latinate Neo-Con.

Specter on the Right

One of the continuing themes of Neo-Conservative thought is the existence of a horrifying specter on the Right—xenophobic, bigoted, antisemitic—who would unleash holy war against the tolerant and urbane values of the welfare state, who would allow small children to starve in the street, ban the works of Henry Miller if not Norman Mailer, and launch nuclear missiles into the men's room of the ACLU.

The very embodiment of this grim force, so it turned out in a rather sad anticlimax to Norman Podhoretz's *Breaking Ranks*, was the Buckley brotherhood in NATIONAL REVIEW and the U.S. Senate. Among the worst of the rabid fringe, I was given to understand at many a gathering of Neo-Conservatives, was Phyllis Schlafly. Since I myself once wrote a book that bitterly denounced the New Right and Phyllis Schlafly as well, I do not claim any precocious wisdom on this point. But I have come to believe that Phyllis Schlafly is the most effective politician in America, and that Neo-Conservatives, for all their brilliance and sophistication, are part of the problem that she is bravely confronting.

Mr. Gilder is the author of several books, the most recent being Wealth and Poverty, *a revised paperback edition of which has just been published by Bantam Books. He is now at work on a book called* The Spirit of Enterprise. *This article is adapted from an address he gave at the Heritage Foundation in Washington in 1980. . . . Mr. Wattenberg, who responds to Mr. Gilder, is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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I have come to believe that Neo-Conservatism is to a great extent a strategy of evasion of the great truths and political imperatives that dwell just below the surface of Neo-Conservative thought: an evasion of the very structure of ideas and values which Neo-Conservatives have been laboriously exhuming piece by piece, in scholarly volumes and pithy essays, for nearly two decades. These findings now bulk large and can be seen to assume a distinctive shape. That shape—lo and behold—is not some brilliant novelty. It best resembles, if I may say so—with reference to the joke about the origins of the camel—conservatism designed by a committee. And that Neo-Conservative camel is never going to win a race, or be elected, except perhaps in New York. And even there, it will vote like an old-fashioned donkey.

The problem, though, is not only political. Adding up all the writings of Neo-Conservatives over the years I discover that they constitute, after all is said and done, a body of conclusions, a distillation of wisdom and truth, rather less useful and timely than William F. Buckley's youthful insights in *God and Man at Yale*.

In his earliest works, William Buckley *knew* (in part intuitively) almost everything that the Neo-Conservatives have laboriously, ambivalently, and tentatively managed to prove over the subsequent thirty years. As a matter of fact, the Neo-Conservatives in general know infinitely less, because they do not understand the paramount truths of God and Man—truths that their computer regressions, alas, will never teach them.

The problem is that the Neo-Conservative believes not chiefly in principles but in empirical techniques. He believes that through study and analysis of social questions, one can arrive at reliable conclusions. This approach means that the Neo-Conservative usually cannot tell you what is wrong with social programs until they have already been entrenched and done their damage. Then the Neo-Conservative will tell you that these programs are part of the very fabric of our political culture and cannot be repealed. What use is that?

Moreover, the Neo-Conservative will tell you that past social programs were not so bad, collectively, even if he and his allies acknowledge that each particular one was ineffective. Neo-Conservatives now believe, for example, that this collection of U.S. social programs—every one cogently attacked by at least one of their number—has virtually abolished poverty in America. We have apparently overcome poverty by redistribution.

This is nonsense in every respect. Buckley's teachers, forty years ago, knew redistribution cannot fight poverty, it can only destroy wealth and create dependency. What the War on Poverty in fact achieved was to halt in its tracks an ongoing improvement in the lives of the poor—particularly poor blacks—and create a wreckage of family breakdown and demoralization worse than the aftermath of slavery.

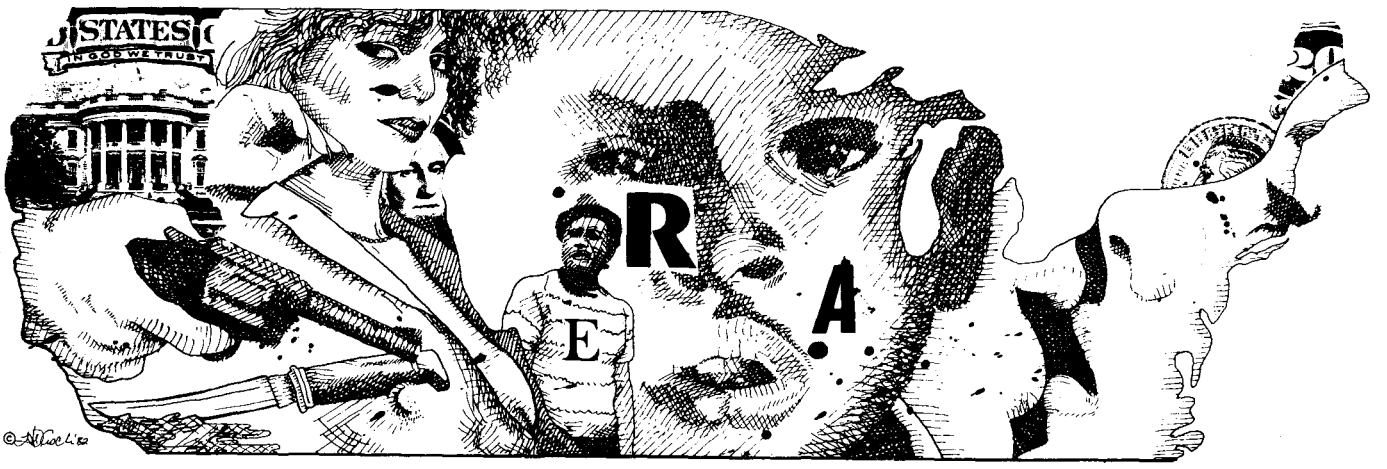
Poverty is a matter not of income but of prospects. Female-headed families, in general, are doomed to poverty almost regardless of what incomes they receive. Since the launching of the War on Poverty in 1964, nearly all the indices of family breakdown, illegitimacy, and crime in the ghetto have approximately doubled; the problem is twice as bad as it was when Senator Moynihan wrote his alarming study on the black family. At present, 55 per cent of black children are born out of wedlock; six in ten black children are brought up without fathers in the home, compared to less than two in ten whites. But this figure for black families includes middle-class blacks. The War on Poverty has almost completely destroyed the black family in the slums.

Worse Than Ever

This means that the situation of poor blacks is worse than ever. They are doomed to at least another generation of tragedy, another generation of hopelessness, violence, crime, and addiction, another generation of fatherless families and rudderless communities, with boys pursuing their masculinity in the vicious cycles of street society and spurning jobs and responsibilities in favor of lawless and unproductive lives.

This result was not inevitable. It was a direct consequence of social policies designed by liberals and essentially accepted by Neo-Conservatives. Indeed, Senator Moynihan's Family Assistance Plan would have made the problem far worse by extending it more rapidly to low-benefit states.

Conservatives did not need twenty years of social analysis and computer regressions to determine that the War on Poverty with its Welfare Rights campaign was a sure disaster. The New Right did not need multimillion-dollar income-maintenance experiments to discover that hard work, family stability, and faith in God are indispensable to upward mobility. Bill Buckley did not require ten years of stagflation to prove that high taxes were destroying incentives in America, nor did he need elaborate studies from MIT to show that a flat-rate tax structure would raise more revenue than our currently confiscatory progressions. The far Right—the same men I dismissed as extremists in my youth—turned out to know far more than I did. At least, the "right-wing ex-



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tremists," as I confidently called them, were right on almost every major policy issue—from welfare and Vietnam to Keynesian economics and defense—while I, in my Neo-Conservative sophistication, was nearly always wrong.

Afraid to Fight

Today, the Neo-Conservative believes that the far Right is altogether too extreme and obsessive on the so-called social issues. These matters, the Neo-Conservative maintains, are a distraction, an expression of the politics of resentment, a mindless religiosity "more interested," as Irving Kristol says, "in repealing the past than in shaping the future." Even though Kristol himself, and *The Public Interest*, have published many brilliant articles on these subjects, Neo-Conservatives, in general, are afraid to fight on ERA, abortion, sex education, pornography, school prayer, and gay liberation. Once again, as in the case of poverty, they underrate the importance of stable families and moral values to a productive and creative society.

Once again, they seem ready to wait while families dissolve. They are willing to palter over quotas while wives and daughters are drafted into the military. They stay fastidiously aloof while a flood of pornography—propaganda for degradation and viciousness that must be seen to be believed—engulfs our nation's youth. I have no doubt that at some future date, when these trends have reached some climax sufficiently catastrophic, the Neo-Conservatives will provide elegant and scholarly analyses of the problem. They will finally grant, in essence, that Ernest van den Haag and Billy Graham were right about pornography; that Anita Bryant knows more about homosexuality than does the American Association of Psychiatrists; that Phyllis Schlafly is better at defining national priorities than is Daniel Patrick Moynihan; that the Moral Majority is a more valuable and responsible movement in our politics than is the Coalition for a Democratic Majority.

Until then, though, the Left will maintain the initiative. Millions of American boys will be told in sex-education classes that their adolescent lusts may signify a homosexual fixation, that pornography and promiscuity provide a healthy release of tensions, that contraceptives and abortions have removed the constraints of conventional morality, that families are outmoded in an overpopulated world, that religion is a form of bigotry and superstition. Only the New Right understands the urgency and extremity of these issues.

Three Cheers for Capitalism

Perhaps the deepest misconception of the Neo-Conservatives is their attitude toward capitalism. Many Neo-Conservatives believe that capitalism is desirable for its freedom and democratic possibilities, but ultimately flawed and self-contradictory. Capitalism is said to be based on self-interest and consumerism, which finally erode the moral preconditions of the system itself. It is said to be founded on forms of technological progress and bureaucracy that finally subvert democracy and enterprise. It is said to function through crude economic incentives rather than through love and altruism. To sum up, it is said to be founded on greed rather than on giving.

The fact is, however, that capitalism thrives on religious faith and decays without it. Capitalist progress is based on risks that cannot be demonstrated to pay off in any one lifetime. Thus it relies on faith in the future and in Providence. The workers under capitalism are motivated not by crude economic rewards but by love of family. The entrepreneurs succeed to the extent that they are sensitive to the needs of others, to the extent that others succeed. Altruism is the essence of the positive-sum game of capitalism.

Walter Lippmann put it well in 1936 in the midst of the Great Depression when he wrote that our system is based on "an ideal that for the first time in human history" gave men "a way of producing wealth in which the good fortune of others multiplied their own." At long last "the Golden Rule was economically sound . . . and for the first time men could conceive a social order in which the ancient moral aspiration of liberty, fraternity, and equality was consistent with the abolition of poverty and the increase of wealth." With the Industrial Revolution, "the vista was opened at the end of which men could see the possibility of the good society on this earth. At long last the ancient schism between the world and the spirit, between self-interest and disinterestedness, was potentially closed."

To defend capitalism—even to understand it—you have to celebrate and defend business. Most conservatives and New Rightists instinctively understand this, while Neo-Conservatives tend to look down on the "money-grubbing" bourgeoisie. They follow too closely the stress of Adam Smith on "self-interest" as the source of the bounties of capitalism. The fact is that self-interest of the sort celebrated in *The Wealth of Nations* leads not as by an invisible hand to growth and progress, but eventually to the dead hand of the welfare state. Without faith and love, self-concern brings an obsession with security, an envy of wealth and aversion to risk that destroys the gifts of creative capitalism. The old Right and the New Right instinctively know and the Neo-Conservatives shrink from asserting such values. That is why I am no longer a Neo-Conservative.

Ben Wattenberg's

RESPONSE

I PERSONALLY HAVE SPENT the last 15 years of my life devoted to combatting a pernicious notion on the Left which we might put in the shorthand: "America is terrible." We have heard the litany that it is imperialist, racist, unfair, and polluted.

We now have the unusual circumstance of Mr. Gilder representing himself first to speak for conservatives and then for the New Right. Mr. Gilder seems to take the position that America is homosexual, pornographic, atheistic, inflationary, and criminal. In the same shorthand: "America is terrible." We were spared only the idea for a moment that there are fluorides in the water, but beyond that it was the same general U-shaped curve that seems to me to characterize American politics, with the Left and the Right coming together near the top of the horseshoe. Listening to Mr.

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Gilder on the subject of blacks in America is like listening to Kenneth Clark or almost anybody on the far Left.

My own thought is that, as in jurisprudence where we seek to let the punishment fit the crime, so in the arena of public policy we want the remedy to fit the problem. Now it seems to me there are, in fact, two major problems that we as free men in free Western societies can deal with. One is that there has been a diminution of real economic growth. The other is that there is a great threat externally by a foreign power, the Soviets, to the basic tenets of Western human liberty.

Now, to deal with the first one. Conservatives and New Rightists tend to say that this diminution of economic growth is serious. In fact, when they lay the blame for our current economic circumstance on the permissive welfare state, there is some merit there. But they ignore perhaps the most important development in the last third of a century on this planet: that we have created in these Western nations, and, indeed, in much of the less-developed world as well, probably the most prosperous, freest, most powerful, most creative assembly of nations in the history of the world, and—perhaps by coincidence and perhaps not—this coincided with the rise of the welfare state.

Now, that is something that we have to consider. We shouldn't automatically say, "Look at this terrible thing the welfare state has bequeathed us." I personally think the welfarists have probably gone too far and I am prepared to examine case by case, pragmatically, as Neo-Conservatives are supposed to do, what went wrong and how we ought to rectify it. But to call down this vision of horror on earth today, it seems to me, is a bizarre notion.

Now, further, Mr. Gilder in his entire speech did not mention foreign policy and what is happening to the world. Incredible! I would ask you to examine the following formulation, perhaps burlesqued just a trifle: the central notion that Senator Moynihan has been pursuing these many years might be characterized as, "The Russians are coming and they are threatening human liberty"; and the central notion that Phyllis Schlafly has been pursuing in recent years is, "Unless we stop ERA there will be men in women's restrooms." Then I would ask you to consider the following statement by Mr. Gilder: "Phyllis Schlafly is better at defining national priorities than is Daniel Patrick Moynihan." If you think ERA is a greater threat to our civilization than the Soviet buildup, then you have your candidate.

I think it is also important to know that the basic credo of us Neo-Conservatives, or whatever you want to call us, is that society moderately and gradually self-corrects. I think that is happening now in this political culture and the public arena. As to the matter of America's weakened defenses, in fact, we have turned the corner on that issue, and there is a reordering of priorities going on finally in the proper direction. About the issue of slow economic growth, I will probably agree with Mr. Gilder that the remedy is more incentive, less regulation, more capitalism, if you will. But here again, the remedies are already surfacing in the public arena now.

That leaves us only with Mr. Gilder's final, perhaps major point, as I see it, that this society is suffering a moral malaise—an incredible erosion of moral values. These ideas are usually correlated with the work ethic, but the fact is that the percentage in the labor force today is greater than at any time in American history. We talk about an erosion of religion but church attendance in America is up. Look at the public-opinion polls and Americans—North, East, South, West, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, of every class—say their number-one value in life is "the family." We forget that former President Carter (when he had that unique self-serving opportunity to paint himself in his own terms when he was an unknown in early 1976) told us he was from a small town, he was a military man, he was a Southerner, he was religious, and he was a small-businessman. The idea that that is the profile that would appeal to a dissolute and degenerate society leaves me somewhat cold. Moreover, Ronald Reagan designed his campaign in exactly the same way. Wisely.

Sex and Dope and Tennis

Now, is there a moral decline in America? I recently had the occasion to interview one of my heroes, Tom Wolfe, about the "Me Decade," and we came to an interesting conclusion. It is true that the American public is more interested than ever—from whatever indices you choose to use—in terrible things like sex, tennis, and liquor. There is some evidence of sloth, of dope, and of weird clothes. One can make the case that strutting homosexuality and pornography are on the rise. But Tom Wolfe's point was that in this remarkable society of ours, plain, normal people are today doing what aristocrats have always done—sex, tennis, liquor, sloth, dope, you name it. The case can be

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made that if we have created a society where plain people are doing what aristocrats have done—every man an aristocrat, if you will—then that is bad. I would not make that case. I would make, in fact, the obverse of that—that it is a function of the prosperity of the United States and that it is probably pretty good. This I believe in spite of all its problems, which are many. And this goes to the root of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's criticism of the United States—that it is degenerate, that it is soft, that it won't stand up. Perhaps he agrees with Mr. Gilder's views.

I am sure it is true that, as Tom Wolfe has pointed out, in every village in America there are some movie theaters that show movies rated XXX. And it is true that at these movies you will find not just decadent sophisticates that happen to be traveling down from the West Side of Manhattan, but you will find good old boys in pickup trucks out there watching these movies, and in the back of the truck you will probably find *Hustler* magazine, alas. But it is also true of these same people that on Sunday morning they will be in church and on the back of their trucks will be bumper stickers that say KILL KHOMEINI. Now this is an interesting set of paradoxes that we might explore, but it does not seem to me to be the characteristics of a society that is decadent, immoral, disintegrating, and ready to disappear.

It seems to me that the nature of the American dream that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, for all his greatness (and I am second to none as an admirer of his), does not understand is the question, "Can we have it all?" Can we have prosperity *and* freedom *and* license *and* values *and* the spirit to fight for it all rationally and moderately where centrists fight these things? I believe that we still do have that spirit, and I think Neo-Conservatives believe that also.

George Gilder's REBUTTAL

MR. WATTENBERG'S amusing comments epitomize the complacency and irrelevance of much Neo-Conservatism: its blindness to the deepening tragedy wreaked by liberalism on the ghetto family; its bland willingness to allow a similar tragedy to reach the rest of the American poor (and even, increasingly, the middle class); its Panglossian refusal to recognize the distinction between intelligent social policy, largely based on forms of insurance, and a welfare state careening out of control.

Further, Mr. Wattenberg fails to differentiate between the magnificent achievement and potential of American democratic capitalism, with its moral and religious foundations, and the increasingly evident effects of a pernicious attack on these values by a parasitic new class.

And finally, like virtually all upper-class intellectuals, Mr. Wattenberg derides and trivializes the monumental achievement of America's greatest political leader of the last decade: Phyllis Schlafly, the woman who dared say "no" to the new class, defying its farcical "science" of public-opinion polls and its ridiculous claims for the moral superiority of selfishness. Not only did she mobilize the only effective movement against the anti-family forces, but this prodigious lady had already written no fewer than *seven* books about the decline of U.S. defense and foreign policy before Daniel Patrick Moynihan first turned his formidable eloquence to that subject. (One of Senator Moynihan's current answers to the problems of our national security, however, is drafting women: an example of the willingness of even the most sensible of Neo-Conservatives to succumb to the fashions of the moment, regardless of the consequences for our families and defenses.)

You Can't Have It All

Although I hesitate to disabuse Mr. Wattenberg of his comforting illusions, I feel that a man of his age—and a political movement of the importance of Neo-Conservatism—should learn the facts of life: that the world does not allow you to "have it all." If you fail to tell American boys that they will have to head their families and support them, you cannot have stable marriages or effective poverty programs. If you allow sex-education courses to teach highly excitable teenagers that sex is chiefly a matter of public hygiene and personal recreation rather than of moral law, then promiscuity becomes inevitable—and social disruption spreads. If you teach confused and impressionable adolescent boys the big lie of gay liberation—that many of them are predetermined homosexuals—you will blight the lives of millions. If you permit the court system to break down in liberal pettifoggery to the extent that violent criminals almost never go to jail, you will have a national movement of decent citizens buying guns. If you condone the vicious exploitation of sex on the grounds of First Amendment rights—or dismiss it as a triviality of "good old boys"—you will have pornography becoming what it is today (check your local newsstand), nothing less than the dominant literature of America. If you allow marginal tax rates to rise to real levels of over 50 per cent for most citizens (giving them greater incentive to hide income than to earn it), you will have a stagnant private sector, a demoralized work force, and a huge underground economy of tax evasion and shelters.

Finally, it should not be necessary to point out to a sophisticated writer like Mr. Wattenberg that it was the expansion of trade and commerce that made possible the enlargement of welfare—not the other way around, as the experiences of every socialist welfare state in Europe and the Third World will demonstrate. And if like Mr. Wattenberg you accept the view that prosperity in some mysterious way comes from expanded welfarism, you will necessarily lack the iron will needed in fighting the gargantuan excesses of modern government that are rapidly bringing economic growth to a halt in many Western countries—but not in Asia where taxation is less than half as high.

If, on the other hand, you face these facts of life—and recognize that our greatest patrimony as a free people is the religious values and moral laws of the Judaeo-Christian tradition—then you will be able to see that the New Right commands a true moral majority of Christians and Jews defending our most precious heritage, and like many onetime Neo-Conservatives today, you will swallow your pride and join them. □

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FOG AND FLOOD

Fog and flood: Marxist ideology and Soviet armed might. The former is dead, says the author, and without it we have little to fear from the latter. The real threat today is from the south, not the east

Open Your Eyes, for God's Sake!

JOHN LUKACS

EARLY IN OCTOBER 1944, more than 37 years ago, Winston Churchill was getting ready to fly to Moscow. The Germans were in full retreat across the Balkans. The Russian armies were pouring into southeastern Europe. There would be no British or American troops in that part of Europe. Churchill was going to Moscow to arrange some kind of a deal with Stalin before the Russian rule over all Eastern Europe became complete and irreversible.

Official Washington and the American Establishment (these are imprecise terms but for the sake of brevity they must do) were uneasy about that trip. They were suspicious of Churchill. They feared that he would be too crafty, perhaps even too tough with Stalin. So they woke up Harry Hopkins, the chief wheeler-dealer. Churchill had just exacted a cable from Roosevelt to the effect that he, Churchill, could represent both of them when speaking about Balkan (and Hungarian) affairs with Stalin. In the account of Robert Sherwood—prototypical liberal of the age, playwright, speechwriter for FDR, and Hopkins's adoring biographer—"When Hopkins heard about this, he ordered the White House map room to stop the cable. The cable officers obeyed without question. Then Hopkins went to Roosevelt's bedroom, told him what he had done, and persuaded him that the United States should always speak for itself. Roosevelt admitted that he had made a mistake and took it all back."

The mistake, in Hopkins's words, was this: "There is in this global war literally no question, either military, or political, in which the United States is not interested." Eventually the American Ambassador in Moscow sat in on the discussions, which was what Stalin wanted: in 1944 he knew that, in many instances, he could count on the Americans against Churchill, if need be. However, during that Moscow summit there was little trouble between Churchill and Stalin. They divided Eastern Europe according to a scheme of percentages of influence, allotting the major share to Russia in countries where the Russian armies were dominant, in exchange for which Stalin promised that he would have little or no interest in Greece. Less than six weeks later a Communist insurrection, independent of the Russians, broke out in Greece. Churchill sent British troops into Athens to fight it down. Stalin did not object. The objections came from Washington: from the President, from the State Department, and from the entire American Establishment and the press; they called Churchill an imperialist; some of them called him an abettor of royalist fascism.

All of this would be ancient history were it not for two items, or, rather, statements, which gleam through the murk of four decades and which ought to give us the shock of recognition. A month after the Moscow summit Churchill met de Gaulle in Paris. De Gaulle said: "What are you doing? Why do you rely on the Americans? They are handing over half of Europe to the Russians. Why don't you come closer to Europe and ally with us?" Churchill, perhaps understandably, would not risk his special relationship with the United States for an uneasy special relationship with France. But he said to de Gaulle a wise thing. "At present, Russia is a great beast which has been starved for a long time. It is not possible to keep her from eating, especially since she now lies in the middle of the herd of her victims. The question is whether she can be kept from devouring all of them. . . . And after the meal comes the digestion period. When it comes to digest, the surfeited Russians will have their difficult moments."

So it was. Less than a dozen years later came the anti-Russian riots and revolts in Eastern Europe, with long-range consequences; and now that another quarter-century has passed, the Russian influence in Eastern Europe is waning—all superficial and temporary appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

The second statement I wish to recall is Hopkins's assertion that there is on this globe "literally no question, either military, or political, in which the United States is not interested." There were few American conservatives in 1944, most of them isolationists. Had they read such a statement then, they would have been shocked. What has happened since that time is that American conservatives have virtually without exception embraced this kind of American globalism with a vengeance. They have swallowed it gleefully, lock, stock, and barrel. Carrying their obsession with anti-Communism far beyond the Russians' obsession with anti-capitalism, enjoying their bureaucratic prerogatives, these American conservatives or neoconservatives (it hardly matters which) have become the prime ideological bureaucrats of the globe, knowing little or nothing about history and geography, and pretending to know everything about technology and ideology. Nearly two hundred years

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In Poland the monopoly of the Communist Party is broken beyond repair. The coup of December 13 changed little or nothing. That monopoly cannot be reconstructed even if the Russian army were to invade Poland

ago John Adams, *the* original American conservative, said that *ideology* amounts to *idiocy*. He was right.

The waning of the Russian influence in Eastern Europe began more than 25 years ago. In 1955 the Russians moved out of eastern Austria (in exchange for the Western Powers' evacuation of western Austria). In 1956 came the Polish and Hungarian risings, the latter of which was suppressed brutally by the Soviet army but had great consequences in the long run. 1956 was a turning-point, a Stalingrad, after which Moscow's monopoly on the direction of the various Communist Parties of Western Europe began to dissolve. Meanwhile in their social, economic, cultural, and intellectual lives Hungarians have achieved a fair portion of what their revolutionaries in 1956 had wanted. Twenty-five years later in Poland the monopoly of the Communist Party is broken beyond repair. The coup d'etat of last December 13 changed little or nothing in this regard. That monopoly cannot be reconstructed even if the Russian army were to invade Poland. Even now the Russians are constrained to rely on Polish national institutions, including the Polish army, which, in turn, wishes to obtain at least the tacit assent of the Church. In Rumania, a corrupt and crude dictator periodically finds it necessary to curry favor with his people by making sly anti-Russian references. In Yugoslavia, the Russian influence is weaker than it was at any time under the czars. In Bulgaria, in Czechoslovakia, in East Germany things are different largely because of the different national characteristics of these peoples, a factor that modern and Americanized social scientists dismiss as nonexistent, "national character" being for them a reactionary category of thought. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* You may expel nature with a pitchfork, it'll come back at you. Trust Horace, not the Social Science Research Council.

The Eastern European landscape resembles a large valley where the flood and the fog are receding, and the ancient towers and turrets, broken and begrimed but nonetheless recognizable and standing, are slowly emerging. There is not one intelligent person in Eastern Europe who believes a word of Marxism or Communism. What is more important, fewer and fewer opportunists even find it necessary to *profess* that kind of belief.

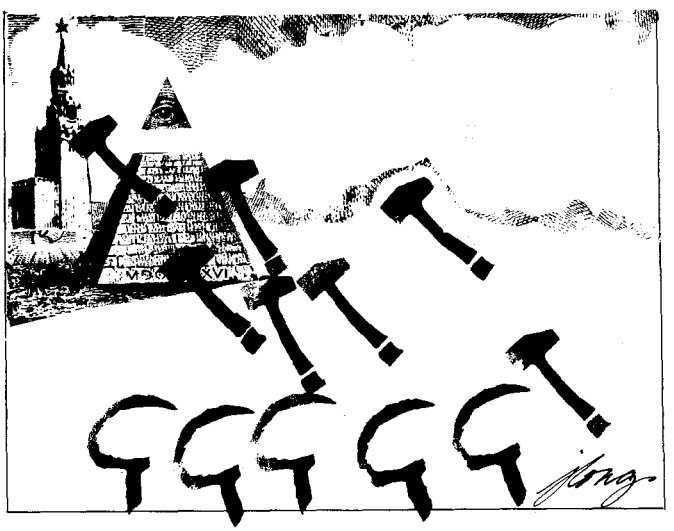
I am not speaking only of Communist ideology, I am speaking of socialist practice. In every Eastern European country except Poland, agriculture was collectivized thirty to 35 years ago. Yet the peasant populations in many of these countries are more prosperous than ever before because de facto private ownership has returned. One of the elements in this prosperity is the existence of the so-called household plots, which furnish a vast amount of the vegetables, poultry, dairy products, fruits, etc. for entire nations, including the USSR.

Another phenomenon is more complex: it is the triumph of life over theory. In theory, the Eastern European economies are collectivized. In reality, they are not. Slowly, gradually, within the collective farms there develops a division of labor, of property, and of purpose. This field is worked by one family, that orchard by another; this tractor is run by this man, that spreader by another. Officially the field, the orchard, the tractor, the spreader do not belong to them. In reality they do. They use them, they maintain them, they repair them, and consequently they reap the harvest, they get a fair share of the profits. Here again there is an historical parallel. In Europe and in England—*but not in Russia*—the self-reliance and the gradual independence of the peasantry came into existence centuries before serfdom was legally and finally terminated. The dissolution of feudalism required hundreds of years. The dissolution of Marxist socialism has taken less than twenty.

So much for the fog. Now for the flood, by which I mean the presence of Russian power. Yes, of course, there are Russian troops in Eastern Europe (although they are intentionally not very visible). The primacy of Russian state and military interests remains unchanged. While the categories of censorship regarding Communism are in disarray and dissolution, nothing critical of Russia, past or present, may be published—not in Poland, not in Hungary, hardly even in non-Communist Finland. Nonetheless, the presence of Russian power means less and less because of the absence of Russian prestige.

In Eastern Europe, perhaps with the single exception of Bulgaria, Russia and things Russian are held in utter contempt; and this includes not only Communism but also the Russian language, Russian literature, Russian habits. It is as if the Russians *were not there*. The Spanish, the French, the German domination of certain portions of Europe left legacies, influences, and habits that remained for hundreds of years. (I noticed this first nearly 25 years ago when I visited Vienna, which the Russians had recently left after ten years of occupation; they moved back but fifty miles, to the Hungarian frontier, yet it was as if they had never been in Vienna at all. When Napoleon's army occupied Vienna in 1809 for a few weeks it left a whiff of a scent that lingered on in Vienna for a century or more.)

Much of this is due, of course, to the failure of Commu-



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nism, much of it is due to the cultural inferiority of Russia, but there is something more: the Russians themselves are not very much interested in deepening their influence. For one thing, there are hardly any Russian tourists in Eastern Europe. It is as difficult for a Russian to visit Poland or Hungary as it is for him to go West. When a Russian gets a passport for Budapest he will, as often as not, say: "I am going to the West; I am going to Europe," and he is right. Nor are the Russians very much interested in having young Hungarians or Rumanians come to visit the Soviet Union, or even study in Moscow. A last example: I read in a Hungarian journal the complaints of a teacher of Russian: there are very few students who choose the Russian language (compulsory Russian was abolished in 1956, the year of the Hungarian rising), and the aging textbooks are worn and torn. Can anyone imagine this kind of carelessness from the Germans when they were ruling the roost?

Some time in the future they may do so again. All over Eastern Europe I had the (sometimes uneasy) feeling that after the Russian influence evaporates the German influence will rise. But that is another story. I mention it only because it brings us back to 1917-18, to a basic truth too often ignored. Had Communism first established itself in Germany, not in Russia, its influence across Europe would have been immeasurably greater—for many reasons, the principal one being that the Germans had (and still have) a cultural and civilizational prestige far greater than the Russians had, or have, or presumably will have for a long time to come.

I am writing about Eastern Europe, about which Americans often make silly jokes, because what happened in Eastern Europe forty years ago is the key to the entire configuration of the world conflict of the last third of a century. During the Second World War the Western democracies, including the United States, could not defeat Germany without help from the Soviet Union. Consequently the Russian armies conquered not only the Balkans and Poland but such Central European capital cities as Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Berlin. Toward the end of the war Churchill thought that some of this could be prevented or corrected. Roosevelt and Eisenhower (soon to become the Free World Leader of Anti-Communism) refused to listen. In 1945, Europe was divided into Russian and American regions of influence. The American Establishment refused to see Yalta and Potsdam in such terms, even though this was the truth.

All of this had little to do with Communism. There were no Communist revolutions in Eastern Europe. The Communist regimes were established there by the Russian army. The brutality of their forced installation awakened the United States to the Russian danger. Because of the fatal tendency of the (supposedly pragmatic) American mind to ideology and to abstraction, the danger was identified as Communism rather than as Russia, and as something universal (a global danger) rather than something particular (the Russian presence in the middle of Europe). By 1947 the American government believed, and the American people were told, that, having Communized Eastern Europe, Stalin was ready to unleash the Red flood over Western Europe, which was not the case. Stalin believed that, having established themselves in Western Europe, the Americans (who at that time had a monopoly on the atom bomb and an unprecedented primacy of power and of prosperity) were about to challenge the Russian domination of Eastern Europe, which—alas—was also not the case. The entire cold war grew out of this misconception.

In 1969 Americans flew to the moon and back; but they were being pushed out of the jungles of Indochina. The American defeat was a defeat of American will, American technology, American bureaucracy

Less than ten years later came the turning-point of the cold war. The behavior of the American government (as distinct from American rhetoric) during the successive East Berlin and Polish and Hungarian risings in 1956 showed that the United States had no intention of altering the division of Europe. Thereby the conditions for an improvement of Russo-American relations were set—something that Nikita Khrushchev immediately realized. These were the conditions of actual "detente," that brummagem word which Kissinger would trumpet out loud 14 years later, and probably too late. The first rift between Russia and China, too, developed in 1957-58, a good 13 years before Richard Nixon would fly to China to embrace the obscene Mao. So much for those who claim that in this century of ours world events develop with unprecedented speed. (So much, too, for the China policy of successive Republican Administrations: Nixon and Kissinger and Ford repeating the unwarranted and exaggerated expectations about China that Franklin Roosevelt had entertained thirty or forty years before.)

This is where my description of Eastern European developments and my strictures on the American conservative world view connect. This is not yet another essay in that near-fraudulent "field" of International Relations. My topic is not the ephemeral advocacy of this or that American policy in regard to Yugoslavia or Kuwait. It is the essential shortcoming of diagnosis, of analysis, of understanding, the failure to comprehend the difference between what is abstract and what is real. My argument rests on a view of events which is human and historical, not ideological and technological. I believe that the waning of the Russian influence in Eastern Europe is something far more important (and enduring) than the numerical preponderance of Russian missiles there; and I believe that the ideological and the technological fallacies are the greatest dangers which the American people now face.

Let me deal first, however briefly, with the technological fallacy. Armaments are not the causes, they are the results of the jealousies and hostilities between states. From 1945 to 1948 the United States had a monopoly on the atom bomb. The effect of this on world events and on the development of the cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union was nil. In 1952 the United States developed the first hydrogen bomb. The British and the French followed suit; their decline has been precipitous ever since. In 1957 the Russians beat the United States by sending the first satellite into space: within a year the Chinese broke up with them, the Albanians turned against them, they fidgeted nervously while Eisenhower sent U.S. Marines into Lebanon

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Meeting Japan's Challenge

Fifth in a Series

ARE JAPANESE EXECUTIVES BETTER PEOPLE MANAGERS THAN AMERICAN EXECUTIVES?

Much has been written about Japanese management style.

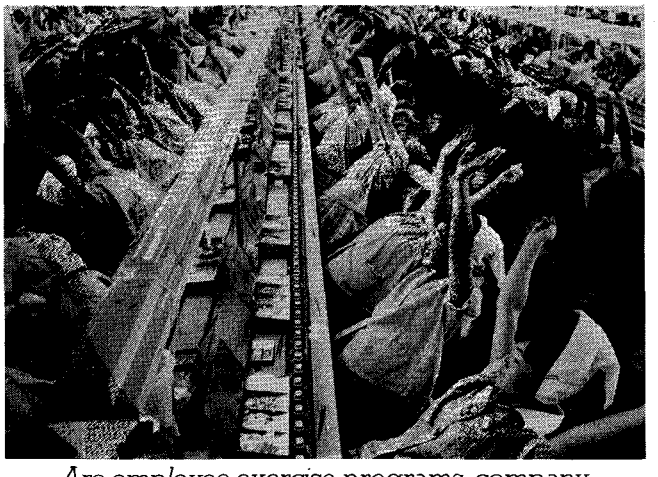
Quality circles, lifetime employment, corporate anthems, exercise programs, etc.

The implication is that the style of Japanese management is superior to that of American management. And that for Japanese companies, this particular style works both at home and abroad.

But did you know that this style is not universally practiced in Japan? In many Japanese companies, employment tenure varies, quality circles don't exist, the boss is the boss.

And did you know that many American companies have an even better record of management than some Japanese companies? We believe that one of these companies is Motorola. Why? It all starts with our respect for the dignity of the individual employee. We apply this philosophy in many employee-related programs.

Our Participative Management Program brings our people together in work teams that regularly, openly and effectively communicate ideas and solutions that help improve quality and productivity. In the process, many employees tell us that the program also enhances their job satisfaction.



Are employee exercise programs, company songs and lifetime employment the best ways to increase productivity?

Motorola's Technology Ladder provides opportunities for technical people, such as design engineers, to progress in professional esteem, rank and compensation in a way comparable to administrators and officers.

Our ten-year service club rewards employee dedication and loyalty with special protection for continued employment and benefits. And in an industry noted for both explosive growth and high mobility, almost one-quarter of our U.S. employees have been with us for more than a decade.

Our open door policy enables employees to voice a grievance all the way up to the Chairman. It's rarely needed, but it's there. And it works. These and other programs reflect our respect for, and commitment to, the individual and the team. Their continuing effectiveness is reflected in the direct and open, non-union relationship among all our people, whether production workers, engineers or office workers. All of this works for us as we work for you.

Meeting Japan's Challenge requires an enlightened management style—demonstrated by our participative management style that respects the dignity of the individual.

MOTOROLA A World Leader in Electronics

Quality and productivity through employee participation in management.

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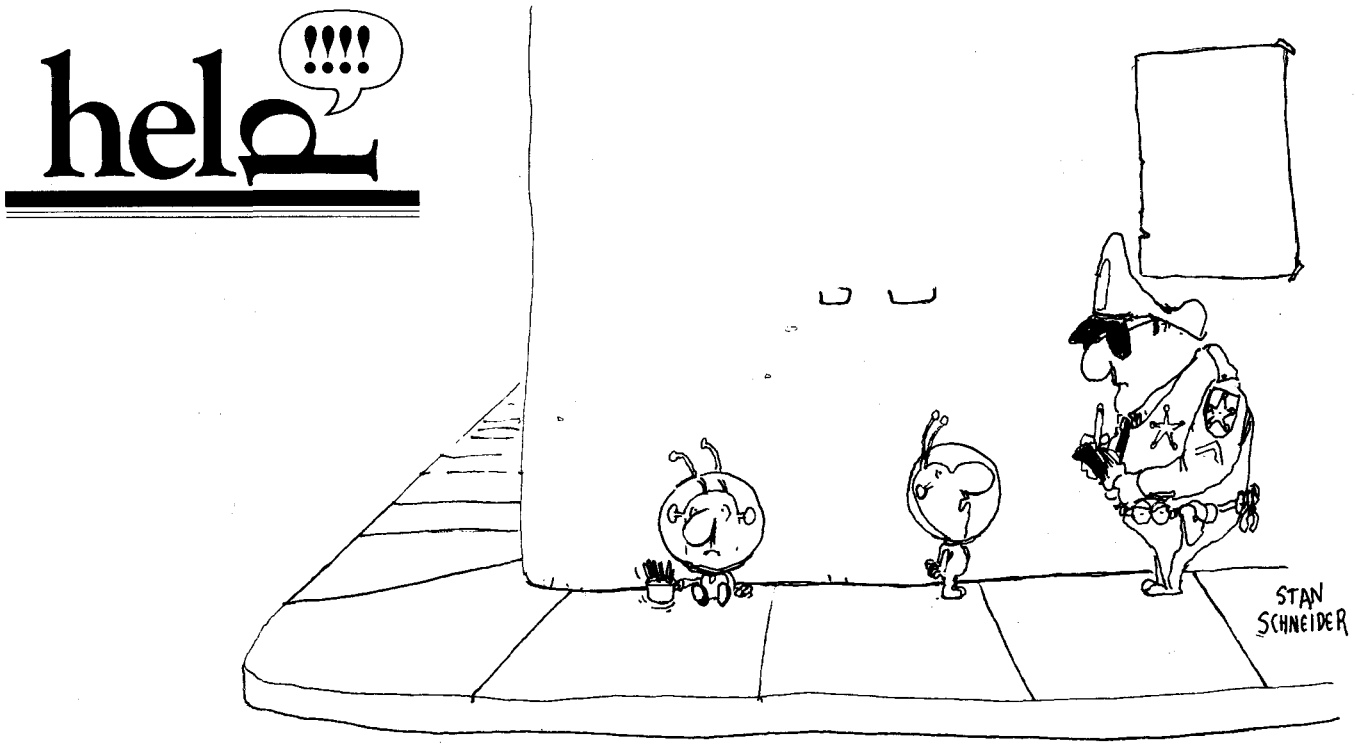

"Someone—stole our travelers' checks!"

OLIPHANT THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH © 1982 BY THE TRIBUNE COMPANY SYNDICATE
...IF HUBERT WERE HERE NOW.....
...SOLAR POWERED TAX CUTS...
..UH, WELL... LET US HAVE ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS.....
...Well, my brothers Jack and Bobby..... oh, well, uh, wait... they tried that.....
...WHAT ABOUT THE..... AH.....
HUH?

THE DEMOCRATS RESPOND!

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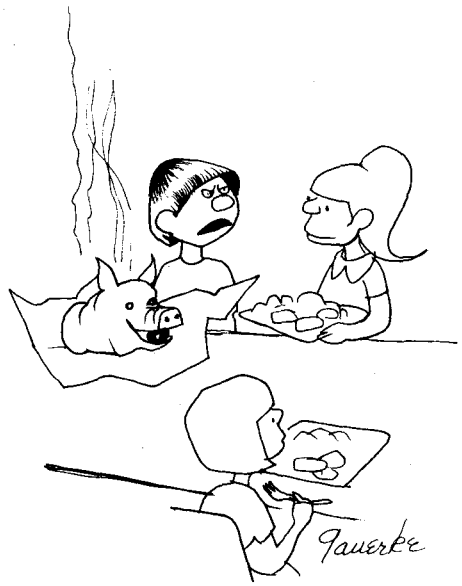
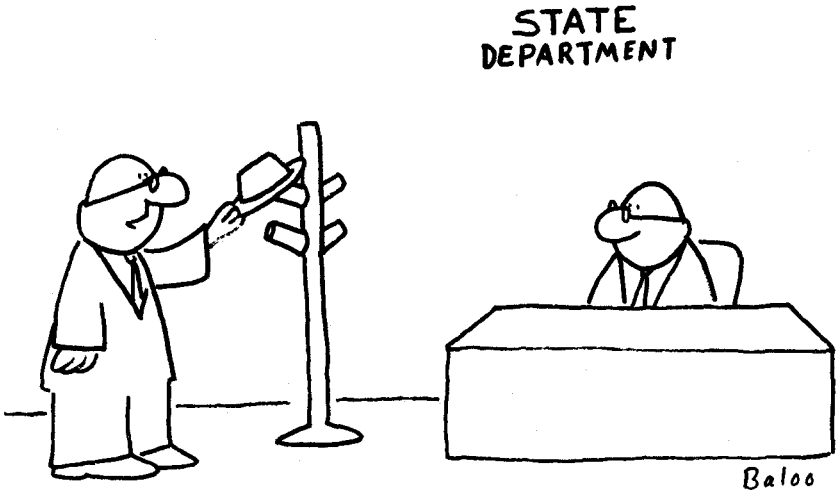
Down and Out in Washington, D.C.

O, weep for the Food Stamp officials
  Confronting the awful abyss;
Say prayers for the highway consultants
  Whom nobody's going to miss.
They're ashen in Urban Renewal,
  So give them a pat on the back.
Compassion is always in order
  For liberals getting the sack.

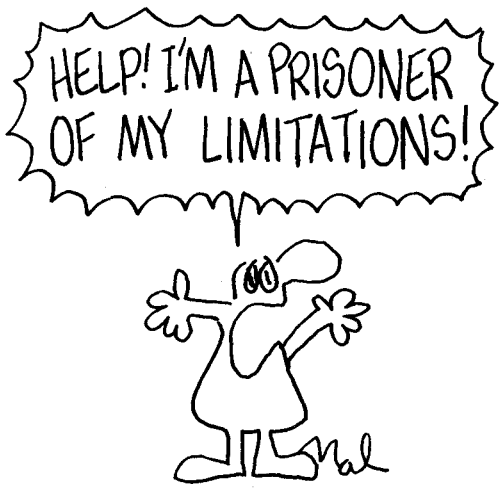
W. H. VON DREELE

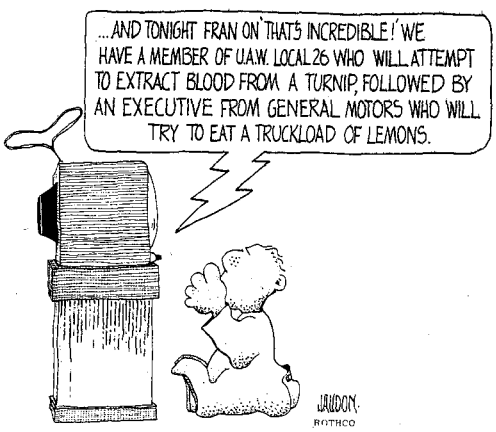


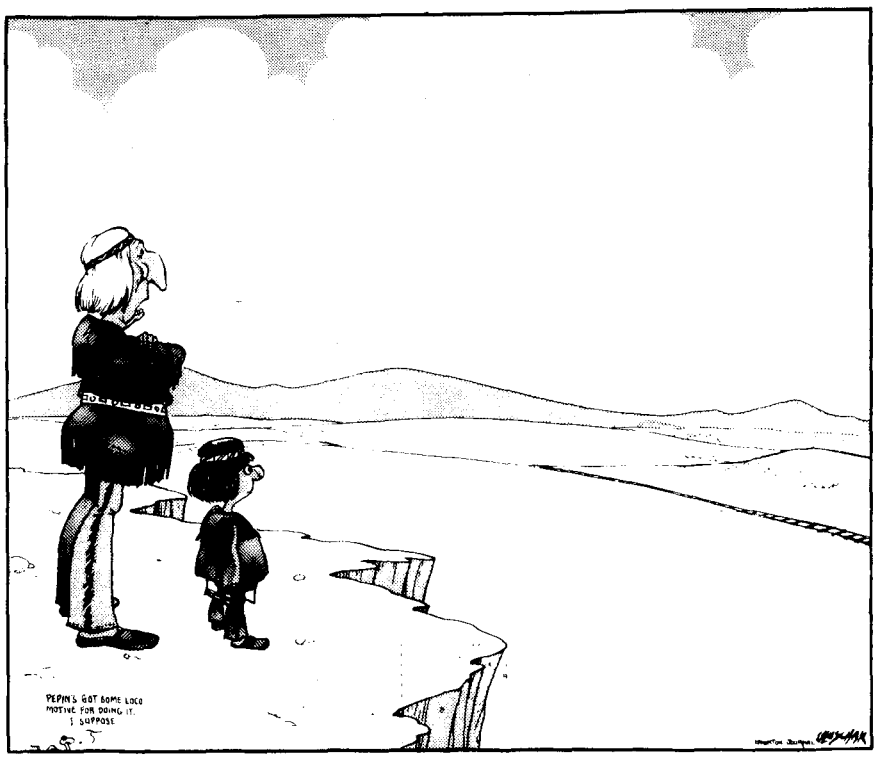
"With the budget cuts, the only way I can get a hot school lunch is to bring it from home."



"Hi, Fred. What's the foreign policy du jour?*"*




...AND TONIGHT FRAN ON THAT'S INCREDIBLE! WE HAVE A MEMBER OF U.A.W. LOCAL 26 WHO WILL ATTEMPT TO EXTRACT BLOOD FROM A TURNIP, FOLLOWED BY AN EXECUTIVE FROM GENERAL MOTORS WHO WILL TRY TO EAT A TRUCKLOAD OF LEMONS.
JAUDON
ROTHCO



"First buffalo—now iron horse disappearing."

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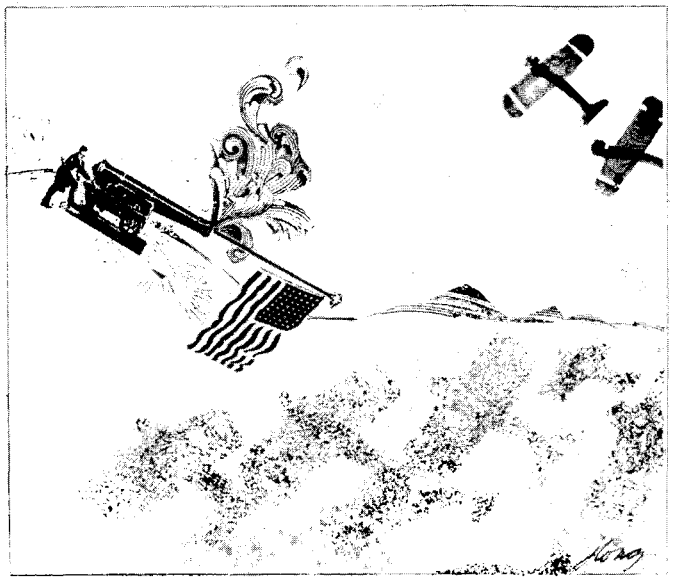
(God knows why), while Nelson Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger rose to national fame because of their perorations about the Missile Gap (remember that fraud?). In 1961 the United States sent astronauts into space, it had enough nuclear bombs to blow up half the world; yet it was incapable of putting a few hundred mercenaries ashore in Cuba. In 1969 Americans flew to the moon and back; but they were being pushed out of the jungles of Indochina. The American defeat in Vietnam was a defeat of American will; even more, it was a defeat of American technology and bureaucracy. By the 1970s the Russians, for the first time in their history, had a formidable navy in the Mediterranean and in the Indian Ocean; and they were easily kicked out by the Egyptians and the Somalians. They got themselves into a quagmire in Afghanistan. They could overrun Poland: yet they are helpless when considering what they would do *then*.

The most humiliating defeats the United States has suffered, not only during the last 35 years of so-called cold war but perhaps during the entire history of the Republic, were inflicted on Americans not by the armed might of the Soviet Union but by Cubans and Vietnamese and by screaming mullahs and the scourings of the bazaar people in Teheran. Right now what counts in Germany is not how many missiles are enumerable in East or West but the fact—and it is a sorry fact—that for the first time in the modern history of Germany the German people are beginning to doubt the value of their professed friendship for the United States.

And now let me come to the ideological fallacy. Thirty years ago the American right wing said that Russia was a paper tiger whereas they were profitably exercised by the presence of a few remnant Communists within the United States. Today the conservatives, thank God, have broken the deadening monopoly of the liberal intellectuals in the United States, and they are no longer exercised by the illusory danger of an internal Communist conspiracy; but they are as bereft of historical understanding and of human comprehension as were their liberal predecessors. Our conservatives (and neoconservatives) are ready and eager to get us involved everywhere in the world, including places that are twenty times closer to Russia than they are to the United States: the Sudan, the Persian Gulf, etc., etc. But, of course, *already in 1956* the Republican Party Platform called for no less than "the establishment of American bases strategically dispersed *all around the world*." (The italics are mine.) In 1956 respectable commentators could still, on occasion, call the Republican Party "isolationist." No one noticed this at the time except perhaps for this writer, who is, after all, foreign-born. Yet, while foreign-born, I am a citizen of the United States, and an American teacher and writer. I, for one, believe that the United States has mighty little business in the Persian Gulf or in Indochina or in Angola or in Egypt, and that the main danger facing this Republic is invasion from the south, by Mexicans and Caribbeans, a danger to which the present, so-called conservative and nationalist, Californian leadership is singularly blind.



Our principal enemies are not Communists but people who envy and hate the United States. We cannot do much against that hatred of America which, in most cases, is motivated by envy. We can do something, however, to defend ourselves against another kind of anti-Americanism which exists on more solid grounds, felt and professed as it is by people who think and feel that, by justifying its power on the basis of ideology and technology, the United States itself is abandoning its adherence to Western civilization, to the civilization where man has been the measure of man, and not the measure of things—and where, consequently, man's principal business is his knowledge of man, and not his knowledge of things. As Bernanos wrote in 1946, "Between those who think that civilization is a victory for man in the struggle against the determinism of things . . . and those who want to make of man a thing among things, there is no possible scheme of reconciliation."

The most important elements in the world order of the twentieth century have been American power and American prestige. The two are intimately connected, and they have little or nothing to do with how many missiles California technocrats contract out and pile up. It is on the level of prestige that the Russians lost their bid for primacy in the world. It is America, not Russia, which is imitated across the world, including the Soviet Union, including its satellites, including the degenerate hordes in the bazaars of Iran and elsewhere who curse America while they wriggle into their blue jeans and play American rock music on their radios. Much of this Americanization is shoddy, but most imitation is shoddy, and there is some substance in it, after all. To the peoples of the world the United States is still the only country where to a previously unprecedented extent popular prosperity has coexisted with relative freedom, replete with all kinds of opportunities. This is the greatest asset of the United States: the living example of a society which is prosperous, free, orderly, and decent.

Some of the American prosperity and many of the traditional American freedoms have now eroded; but many of them still remain. The erosion has been most alarming when it comes to the order and the decencies of American life. This is precisely why the principal business of this nation is to address itself to the sanification of its interior life, to reduce the monstrous prevalence of crime, of savagery, of filth, and of disorder—very much including the prevalence of mental crime, of mental savagery, of mental filth, of mental disorder—that, if unchecked, will not only dissolve the fabric of American society but will awaken much of the world to the realization that the American example is to be avoided, that America is turning from a successful example into a dissolute failure. We have some time left—in part because of the contrast with the Russians. But not much. □

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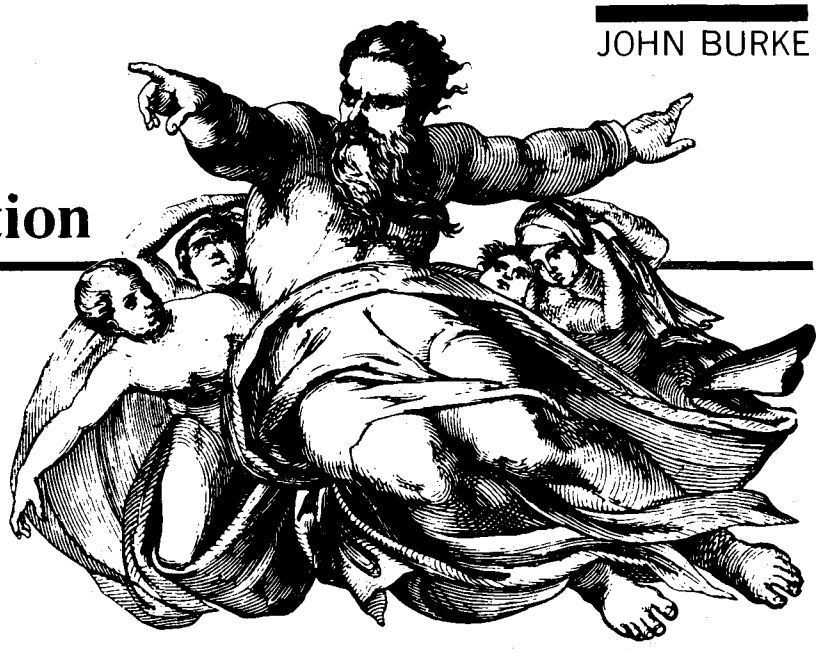
The Vatican's Verdict on Communist Revolution

JOHN BURKE



PART OF THE great threat to freedom is the worldwide campaign against religion by political atheists. It is just as Marx and Engels said in 1848: "Communism abolishes eternal truths, it abolishes all religion, and all morality . . ."

The frontal attack remains bad enough, for all its failures, but even more dangerous is the way in which Communism has crept into the churches themselves. The World Council of Churches is notoriously infiltrated, and the same applies to national counterparts in Britain, America, and the Netherlands. In many Western countries, Protestant pastors have become proletarian politicians, while East Germany is even hailing Luther as a leftist, in time for his five-hundredth birthday.

Beginning with the Second Vatican Council, whose convenor gave an audience (in good faith) to Khrushchev's son-in-law, the Roman Catholic Church has also been penetrated. Latin America suffers from the political heresy called "liberation theology," while France and Italy have witnessed calls for "dialogue" with the Marxists. Cardinal Hume in Britain has even attended a rally for "peace" backed by the Communists.

All this gets enormous publicity (and is intended to), while most humble and faithful Christians disagree in silence. Yet there is good Scriptural and ecclesiastical authority for denouncing these wicked and wayward ways. It should be more often recalled that Rome has condemned Communism again and again in a series of lengthy statements based on the Bible and also on doctors and councils of the Church.

The first weighty judgment was made as early as 1846, two years before the *Communist Manifesto*, quoted above. In the encyclical *Qui Pluribus*, Pope Pius IX warned of "that infamous doctrine of Communism, utterly opposed to the natural law itself, the adoption of which would completely destroy all men's rights, their property and fortune, and even human society itself."

His warning was followed in 1878, a few years after the Paris Commune, by a public letter entitled *Quod Apostolici Muneris*, in which Pope Leo XIII referred to Communism as "a deadly plague insidiously penetrating the very vitals of human society and threatening it with extinction." Pope Leo enlarged on this theme in 1891, in one of the greatest social documents ever to come from the Vatican—the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, sometimes called in English *The Workers' Charter*. It was a delayed but direct reply to Marx and Engels, for it proposed an economic and political alternative to the two extremes of exploitation and revolution. The alternative was to be a combination of free enterprise, civic responsibility, and private charity. As the Pope wrote in a much-quoted sentence: "Capital cannot do without Labor, nor Labor without Capital." The encyclical encouraged the family and trade unions and defended private property and individual talent.

Moreover, in a prophetic passage harking back to the Tenth Commandment, *Rerum Novarum* condemned both "class war" and "undue state interference": "The door would be thrown open to envy, to mutual invective, and to discord: the sources of wealth themselves would run dry, for no one would have any interest in exerting his talents or his industry; and that ideal equality about which they entertain pleasant dreams would be in reality the leveling down of all to a like condition of misery and degradation."

After the Russian Revolution, it was Pius XI who in 1924 first called attention to "the menacing spread of this tide of wickedness." He devoted several addresses and encyclicals, including *Miserentissimus Redemptor* in 1928, to the persecutions in Russia, Mexico, and Spain. Three years later came his public letter entitled *Quadragesimo Anno*, or *Social Order*.

This document, which proposed profit-sharing, criticized even "Christian socialism" as a contradiction in terms: "No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a socialist properly so called." As for violent class struggle, Pope Pius declared: "To obtain these ends, Communists shrink from nothing and fear nothing: and when they have acquired power, it is monstrous beyond belief how cruel and inhuman they show themselves to be." Leaders of opinion were urged by the Pope to speak out against revolution while seeking to mitigate social evils.

'Atheistic Communism'

But the 15,000 words of Pius XI's *Divini Redemptoris* must stand as the most powerful denunciation ever made of Marxism-Leninism. Known in English as *Atheistic Communism*, the encyclical condemned Communism as "a pseudo-ideal of justice, equality, and brotherhood among workers . . . a doc-

Mr. Burke, a political and economic journalist, has reported from 33 countries for Reuters, the London Observer, *and the BBC. The Vatican's statements quoted here are available from the Catholic Truth Society, 38-40 Ecclestone Square, London SW1.*

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trine full of error and sophistry, contrary to revelation and reason alike." The Pope warned that too few people understood the real goal of the revolutionaries, thanks in part to a "conspiracy of silence" on the part of the media. As a result, even good people could be duped into misleading the next generation. "The secret," Pope Pius explained, "lies in a diabolically efficient system of propaganda, probably unparalleled in history. Directed from one center, it is skillfully adapted to the special conditions of each country; having enormous funds at its disposal, it makes use of numerous organizations, great international congresses, and intensive campaigns."

Another passage, just as topical now as when it was written in 1937, reads: ". . . seeing that the whole world is anxious for peace, the leaders of Communism now pose as the most ardent supporters of every movement for the establishment of international concord; at the same time, however, they continue to foment in each nation a class warfare which causes rivers of blood to flow, and at home pile up huge armaments on the plea of safeguarding internal security."

Altogether, *Atheistic Communism* was a colossal condemnation (and it came from a pontiff who elsewhere denounced both fascism and national socialism). It contains one sentence that, in these trendy times, should be written large on the wall of every church and chapel: "Communism is intrinsically evil, and therefore no one who desires to save Christian civilization from extinction should render it assistance in any enterprise whatever."

Reverend Revolutionaries

The words of Pius XI were endorsed by his successor, Pius XII, who in 1950 lamented the "wickedness of Communism" and decreed excommunication for anyone who encouraged it. He published letters to the peoples of Russia and China, as well as at least a dozen statements attacking the system imposed by Stalin and Mao. His apostolic letter of 1956, addressed to bishops in Eastern Europe, should now be re-addressed to those reverend revolutionaries, the modern missionaries who aid and abet Marxism. Pius XII had no time for the few clerics who then compromised: "They say it is necessary to mitigate and change the principles of the Catholic religion so that there may be a certain false union between it and the errors of the advancing age." The answer, he said, lay in Luke XXI:33: "Though heaven and earth shall pass away, my words will stand."

Although Rome here referred to the New Testament, the Bolsheviks' own textbooks also make the conflict clear. Here is what Bukharin wrote in *ABC of Communism* in 1922: "Religion and Communism are incompatible, both theoretically and practically."

That is exactly what yet another pontiff, John XXIII, stated when he reminded readers, in his *Mater et Magistra* in 1961, of that earlier, ageless encyclical: "Pope Pius XI further emphasized the fundamental opposition between Communism and Christianity, and made it clear that no Catholic could subscribe even to moderate Socialism, if such Socialism is founded on a doctrine of human society which is bounded by time and takes no account of any objective other than that of material well-being."

The Church's uncompromising attitude toward pseudo-liberals and Marxists of any kind was confirmed yet again in 1971, when Pope Paul VI issued his apostolic letter known as *Octogesima Adveniens*, or *Social Problems*. This letter contained a warning that Christians "cannot adhere to Marxist ideology" because such radical ideas have always led to a "totalitarian and violent society."

Archbishop Benelli, the Vatican's under-secretary of state, explained the issue to some Austrian officials in 1976, saying, "The atheism of Marxist-Communist ideology renders true dialogue difficult, if not impossible." His speech (published as *The Church and Communism*), ended with these words: ". . . Will the West have the spiritual will to keep, guard, and promote liberty, acquired at such great cost by the democracies?"

The late Cardinal Heenan of England offered a particularly pertinent warning, in a speech at Leeds in 1951, to those who might be taken in by less overt Communists: "Because of the gravity of the times I must, however, offer this advice to Catholics who belong to the Labor Party. There is a section of this party, sometimes described as the left wing, sometimes as rebels, who must not be allowed to control that party's destinies. The men and women I have in mind are Communist in all but name. If they are critical of the Soviet regime it is not because in their hearts they detest Stalin's policy. They are Marxists. What they detest is the clumsiness with which the Soviet dictator puts into practice the principles of which they heartily approve."

Defender of the Truth

Finally, we may quote Karol Wojtyla, whose entire priesthood was spent in combatting militant atheism in his native Poland. As he told *Osservatore Romano* in 1976: "One cannot be a Christian and a materialist; one cannot be a believer and an atheist." Since becoming Pope John Paul II, he has spoken with the care of a man whose country is walking a political tightrope, but he has taken several subtle swipes at Communism. The first sentence of his first encyclical, in 1979, took aim at the arrogant opening of Marx's *Manifesto*. "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." For in *Redemptor Hominis*, Pope John Paul proclaimed: "The Redeemer of man, Jesus Christ, is the center of the universe and of history."

Visiting Mexico the same year, the Pope condemned "radical ideologies," and in Brazil the following year he warned against "initiatives inspired by hatred and violence." Also in 1980, during visits to Ireland and the Ivory Coast, the Pope denounced two evils specifically named in *Atheistic Communism*: terrorism and the class struggle. In a message to *Reader's Digest* the previous Christmas, he used the phrase "defense of truth," echoing that same magnificent treatise of 1937, which had noted the "lying and violent methods" of the Marxists.

It was, of course, Lenin himself, in his *Left-Wing Communism* of 1918, who had ordered revolutionaries to resort to "all sorts of devices, maneuvers, and illegal methods, evasion and subterfuge." Nine years earlier, in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, he had dismissed "all kinds of hells and devils" as well as any "religious conception" as "figments of the imagination."

And well he might dismiss such conceptions- for they strike a little too close to the truth. An expert on the persecuted church, Reverend Werenfried Van Straaten, best summed up the import of all that has been quoted here, when he called Communism the "master-plan of Hell." □

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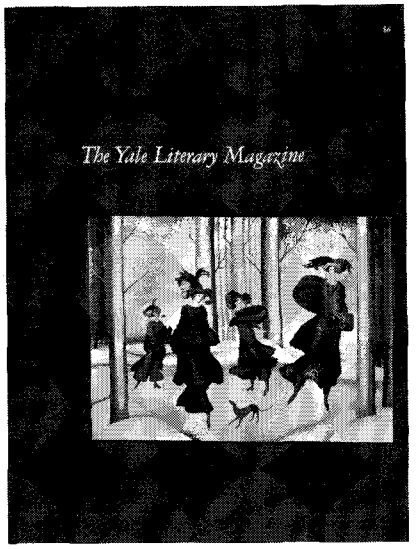

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Today, as ever, it is unique talent, not just prominent names, that we seek. When we publish Lewis H. Lapham, or E. M. Cioran, it is not because one is the editor of *Harper's* and the other a highbrow household name; what they contribute to our pages is unique, and that is the reason for their inclusion. The same is true of all our authors.

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Shaky Alliance

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Some of my American friends are very upset, not to say indignant, about the lack of reliability of their European allies. I have to sympathize with them. But what are the reasons for this unreliability or, to put it more candidly, this lack of loyalty? It would surely be a mistake to put all the blame on differences over the matter of Poland. As always, there are several reasons, most of which lie far deeper and are more permanent in nature.

1. There is the nasty European habit of harking back to the past. We Europeans are in the frightful spot we are in largely because America has put us there. Consider the fact that the United States has barely a toehold on the rim of the Old World—while the Red Army sits a mere 145 miles from the Dutch border. (An analogy: Red China's army on the banks of the Mississippi.)

2. There is the sad fact that the United States has always collaborated with the European Left. Just as French volunteers in America at the time of the War of Independence, misinterpreting America's early history and her documents, created the first fatal misunderstandings between the Old World and the New, so after 1919 and 1945 a vocal and eloquent American leftist minority, ignorant of European realities, led the way with analogous errors. As a result, whenever American officials occupied a European country, misguided "re-educators" laid the foundations for a neo-Left which peddled a particularly noxious form of anti-Americanism. The United States was denounced for neo-colonialism, for being paradoxically both racist and egalitarian, lower-class and elitist, sex-ridden and Puritan; for being a nation where a few brutally exploit the many and a cheap mass culture engulfs everyone. (Such ranting makes no sense at all, but there it is.)

3. There is the fact, to adapt Gertrude Stein's observation, that the Left is the Left is the Left. Socialism is an early stage of Communism, conceived as such by its founders. It is also, as Harold Laski said, the logical outcome of democracy—an ideology whose modern form was born out of the French Revolution. In European governments, Socialists and even Communists play a central and nearly permanent role. Socialists and Social Democrats either dominate entire cabinets or are regularly part of coalition governments. In short, we are here faced with ideologies

democracy, socialism, Communism—

which differ only in degree, not in substance. Their differences hinge on the extent to which certain elements—the principles of old liberalism and the rule of law—are present at a given moment. Obviously, a dictatorship of the proletariat and the abolition of free speech are incompatible with democracy as we know it in the West. But today's Socialists and Social Democrats still claim descent from the French Revolution, which became a tyranny of the Jacobin minority and made dissent a capital offense.

Thus it is not surprising that most European governments differ from that of the United States (whose "Revolution" was of a very different type, and which was founded on older republican principles) in their attitude toward the "People's Democracies" and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. And, under Labor governments, Britain is just as bad as any of its neighbors on the Continent. Remember that in 1920 British dock workers belonging to a union led by Ernest Bevin went on strike while Poland, in a life-and-death struggle, fought off the Red Army. No arms for capitalist and reactionary Poland!

4. The Western Europeans are ruled democratically, by freely elected representatives, and therefore the political scene is one of constant change. Cabinets come and go, old and new faces pop up, disappear, and reappear as in a Punch and Judy show. In America there is even a slogan for this: "Throw the rascals out!" Democracies, fearing any concentration of power, foster perpetual change. But mutual trust in any alliance presupposes permanence and implies belief in the promises of one's partner. In circumstances where the partners keep changing, the promises of even sincere and honest men become valueless. The United States could trust Franco's Spain because it knew the Generalissimo and knew that as long as he lived he was in control of the Spanish government. De Gaulle could trust Germany as long as Adenauer (or at least another Christian Democrat) was at the helm—and not a minute longer.

5. In this respect, European nations have the same difficulties with America as with each other. Each time there is a presidential election across the Atlantic, Europeans wait with bated breath for the outcome. Who will be President, who Secretary of State? What will the majority in the House be like? In the Senate? Will the United States keep its word? Can it be trusted more than a European country? Or, perhaps, less? Let's ask a Pole of about sixty, or a Nationalist Chinese, or a Vietnamese, or certain Cubans. The grim fact we must face is that modern European and American democratic politicians have acted politically in accordance with their nations' constitutional character. A man like Franco, like him or not, stood like a rock. But can one trust a country that recalls an undefeated army (which had not been permitted to carry out its generals' plans) because Jane Fonda, Walter Cronkite, Leslie Gelb, and David Halberstam wasted no love on the hapless Vietnamese? As for the Soviets, one *can* trust *their* word. Khrushchev said openly and candidly that he expected to bury us. There is every reason to believe that his successors intend to achieve that goal, given the opportunity.

One of the West's many weaknesses lies precisely in the domain of alliances. In the East, a superpower keeps its satellites in order: they fall in line or else! This is admittedly a simple and convenient state of affairs, all the more so in that the USSR has a rigid program and a fixed set of values. Meanwhile the West presents a kaleidoscopic assemblage of many-colored mosaics in constant motion. This makes for a pretty picture full of surprises and excitement. But will it stand the test of history? □

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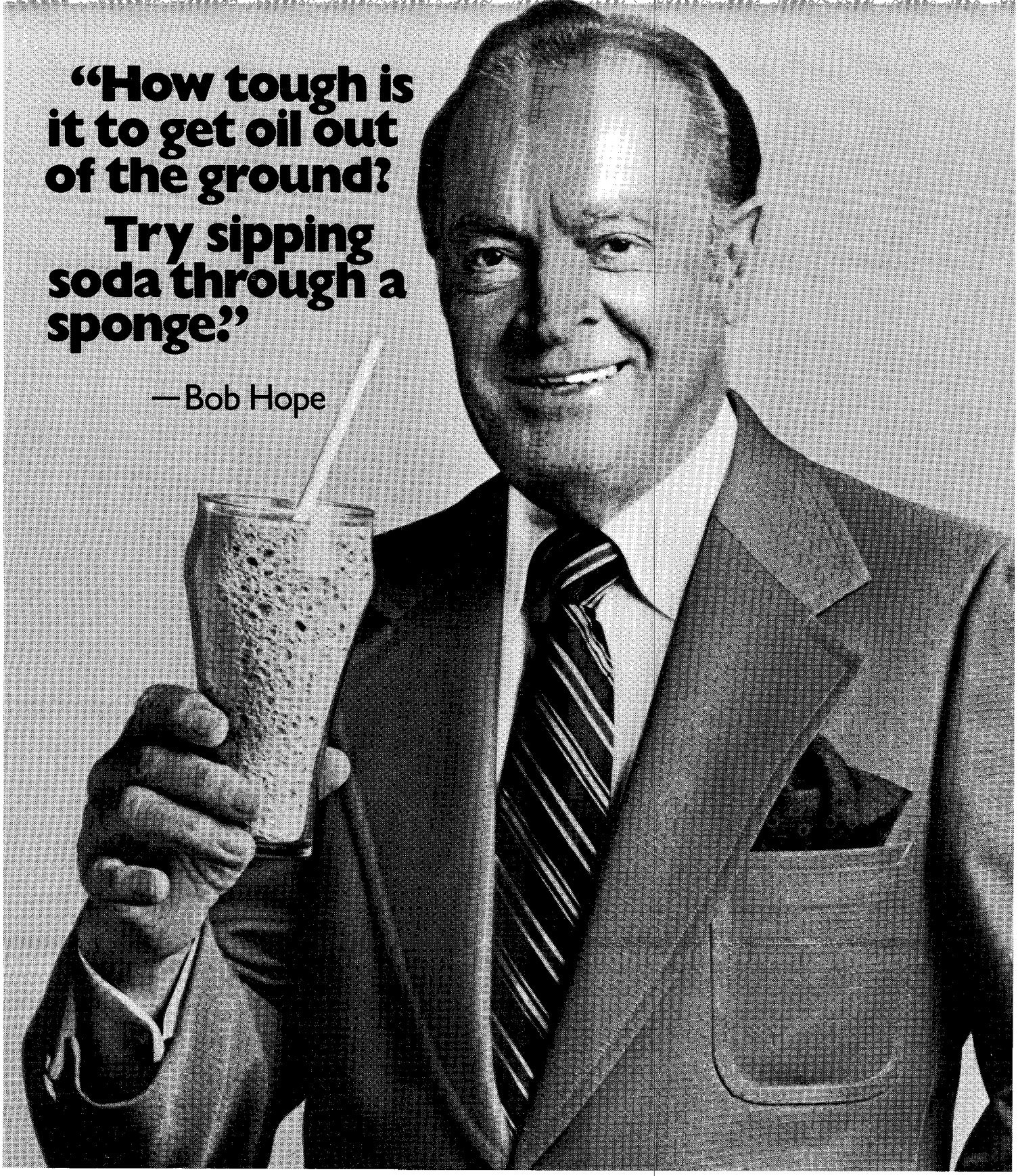

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No Growth

JOSEPH SOBRAN

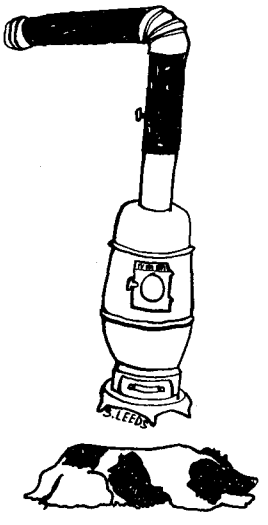
The Kennedy Imprisonment: A Meditation on Power
By Garry Wills
Little, Brown, 265 pp., $13.95

Edward Kennedy, it seems, is not such a bad fellow—a decent bird in a gilded cage. The cage is power; and the conditions of Kennedy's inherited power constrain him. His ruthless, social-climbing father taught him and his brothers to win, but now that he is the last of them, Teddy's heart isn't in it. He didn't want to run in 1980, but he had to. He blew the campaign against Jimmy Carter early on; then, oddly, he showed his real mettle, when things were hopeless. Garry Wills says you could see him "subtly growing."

"Growing": in a journalist's mouth that means, among other things, moving leftward. Wills himself moved leftward in the late Sixties, and a couple of years ago wrote his inevitable book about his own growth. One of the last of the great growers was John Anderson, who explained his move from right to left in a *Playboy* interview: "I have learned, I have grown, I have seen the world change." Late in *The Kennedy Imprisonment* we are told that both John and Robert "changed with the experience of new things. But Robert underwent especially deep changes," ingratiating himself with the media and the kids—the official Kids—of the Sixties. (Growth usually follows the lines of certain familiar trends.)

WILLS IS hard to convince that John Kennedy really grew. He lived to the end in a self-made prison of macho power-worship, believing that America should be mighty and that he should bed down with as many female "conquests" as his high office made available. (This "meditation on power" has a long meditation on the deeper meaning of Kennedy sex.) That is the prison Edward is outgrowing.

Garry Wills has read everything on the Kennedys, and everything else to boot, and for long stretches of this formless but wide-ranging book you aren't sure whether you are being dazzled or bored; maybe both at once. Every paragraph is brilliant; the book as a whole isn't. Wills is one of those recently young men who only seem to have gotten more precocious with age. He is like a gigantic firefly who emits just enough light to call attention to himself, but not enough to illumine the subject.



The book is invisibly constricted by the pieties of the Sixties, the era of Wills's growth. The great threat to the world, he says, is American bellicosity. Wills supplies a bit of marginal differentiation between himself and other liberals by portraying John Kennedy as a sort of reactionary, and adds a new twist by gallantly picking Edward up just when other liberals had abandoned him. Soviet rulers are benignly called "Russian leaders"; our own elected officials, who qualify as "leaders" (if only because they have to be reasonably successful demagogues), are sternly referred to as "our rulers." There is not the slightest suggestion that Soviet totalitarianism and imperialism constitute global problems; the real evil is American egoism, which refuses "to deal with others as equals" or to admit that we are "simply one more member of the community of nations [!] scrambling for narrow advantage." We are Jack Kennedy writ large.

The book is full of delicious quotations: Bagehot, Macaulay, Gibbon, Chesterton, Murray Kempton, Castiglione, Machiavelli. Their general import is that power—"real" power—requires consent. Sheer force does not constitute power: the huge arsenal has only imprisoned us all. (Presumably we can achieve "real" power through unilateral disarmament.) This is the precious paradox that gives *The Kennedy Imprisonment* such unity as it has.

The thesis was more plausible when technology had not yet upset the rough natural equality of men as Hobbes describes it, when the weakest was strong enough to kill the strongest. Wills never descends from his ethereal psychologizing long enough to meditate on the increased leverage that is conferred on modern rulers not only by nuclear weapons, but by monopolies in guns, mass production, mass communications, and rapid transportation. If he is right—as he assumes without bothering to prove it—the Soviets aren't powerful at all; and since he does as-

Arnold Beichman, *a prolific social and cultural critic, is the author of* Nine Lies About America. . . . **Ivan Goldman**, *a former* Washington Post *reporter, teaches communications at the California State University at Dominguez Hills.* . . . **Thomas Mallon** *teaches English at Vassar College.* . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** *is a pilot, music critic, investment advisor, and Contributing Editor of* NR.

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sume it, he doesn't bother meditating on any possible menace posed by the Soviets. (None of these growers do.)

In politics, says Wills, "obedience comes to a leader only if he shows the respect for his followers that encourages opinions of right and interest in them—i.e., the belief that they ought to follow him, and that it will help them to do so." How this applies to Soviet "leaders" like the late Mikhail Suslov, it is irrelevant to ask: we are in a realm of sheer moralism here, though moralism masquerading as psychological realism.

And inevitably: "What was lost with Robert Kennedy was not so much a legacy of power asserted as the glimpse of a deeper understanding, the beginnings of a belief in power as surrender of the will. He died, after all, opposing the caricatures of power enacted in our wars and official violence."

Finally Wills brings in Martin Luther King to join the Kennedys: "Together, they summed up much of the nobler purpose in American life during the 1960s." But King was different from them: "His power was real, because it was not mere assertion—it was a persuasive *yielding* of private will through nonviolent advocacy." In helping his followers, "he exercised real power, achieved changes that dwarf the moon shot as an American achievement. The 'Kennedy era' was really the age of Dr. King."

But King was calling for laws, for state coercion, not just bland "social changes . . . friendship and social affection." He was a much more specific and complex thing than the embodiment of Wills's abstraction. What about *his* womanizing, for instance? If Kennedy lechery is an index of character, what does King's tell us? Wills rightly mocks Kennedy hagiography, but he has his own plaster saint, whom he spares his debunking scrutiny.

All the startling little *aperçus* are contained by a hidden framework of tired Sixties conventions, none of which Wills seriously questions or even manages to freshen up. Readers are assumed to share the enlightened consensus of yesteryear, when Wills emerged from the "ghetto" of Catholic conservatism and got hip on race, war, poverty, and all that, celebrating "prophecy" as he conformed to the liberal mainstream. The banality of *The Kennedy Imprisonment* testifies that he stopped growing a long time ago. □

Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge
Selected and edited by John Bright-Holmes
Morrow, 506 pp., $18

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

THOMAS MALLON

When Malcolm Muggeridge goes to his eternal reward, he is certain to receive indulgence for having already endured an exquisitely Dantesque punishment on this bad planet. Through one of God's lovely ironic match-ups of torture and temperament, Muggeridge, with his belief that history "is like a bad novel" and that all arguments are "rather futile," was doomed to spend a good deal of his career writing editorials about the things of this world. Loving "everything which demonstrates the transience of earthy power," it was his bread and butter to work up daily dudgeon over this vale of tears.

The names of papers and magazines come and go throughout these diaries, taking him to Russia, India, America, and China. He knows his eyes should be looking instead toward eternity, but he achieves that focus only intermittently. From all his moments of exultation he seems to land in a heap. *Like It Was* is the long record of an articulately misspent life. It takes the reader through some of the biggest conflicts of nations and ideas that this catastrophic century has had to offer, but it cannot be read without the sense that the big story always lies somewhere else.

In the midst of his disillusionment with Russia in 1932 Muggeridge reads Donne's sermons. In Lourenço Marques for MI-6 during World War II, he is a dry-souled Graham Greene character come to life: "Live in a large expensive hotel overlooking the sea; wonderful scene, to me quite savorless." Illumination may burst, and grace will surge, but not long enough to lift him permanently above himself and the world. As late as 1957 he can write: "All I have is the memory of some happy moments, and most, if not all of those were dubious. God is really there for everyone?"

Muggeridge says that journalists rarely make good diarists because they are preoccupied with working life's details into their published stories. Actually, this is not so: there is always plenty left over, and other occupational habits stand them in good stead when they switch genres: they traffic in the quotidian, talk to others, take an interest in things besides themselves. Muggeridge's diaries show him to be not especially interesting on the books he reads, and not often too evocative of places, but extremely good at the quick character sketch. In 1950 he finds in Churchill's face a "curious mixture of cunning and animality . . . as with so many of the very old." George Orwell, observed the year before smoking cigarettes while in the hospital with TB, remains a "trusty, lovable egotist."

In the two decades following the war, Muggeridge stared over many American lecterns, looking out on this country with a chastizing, but sincere, sympathy. Appalled by its materialism, he remained alive to America's exuberance and alert to its contradictions: Americans "tell you everything about themselves in the first half-hour of a casual acquaintanceship, and retreat behind a wall of impenetrable reserve." Such observations remain quite fresh; their depth will surprise anyone who still knows him best from his twinkling television appearances.

The diaries kept in England in the late Forties and early Fifties are perhaps the best of all, because there Muggeridge was closest to important events and most aware of how quirks in character move them. He writes, on July 23, 1948, that Douglas Jerrold "really would have liked to blow up Downing Street, but with Attlee there, there seemed no particular point." But even with postwar political and economic chaos (and the atomic bomb) taken into account, Muggeridge's doomsaying in this period is so constant as to weary the reader: "the last phase in our decomposition nearing"; "the sands running out"; "the crack-up everywhere." Diaries are, after all, narratives, even if the diarist doesn't know how the story ends, and he can promise the reader an apocalypse just so many times without delivering it. The simple pleasures Muggeridge acknowledges, like "railway lines gleaming in the setting sun," are always clouded over by the disaster that's supposed to be up the tracks. By the time he reaches about 1952, the

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reader is as tired of the world as Muggeridge was.

His release came rather late in life with an enviably final faith in God, and he apologizes to the reader of this volume for the diaries' failure to share it. His faith secured, he allowed the diary habit to slacken and then cease. He found himself in "a pursuit that belongs to Eternity, whereas diaries belong to Time." In fact, one suspects that the banality of the title is deliberate: this is indeed what merely was. From it all has been released a man whose eyes are at least on what is now and ever shall be. Cut off from the rest of the story, the reader is likely to finish the book all the more curious about what he may be missing. □

The Soviet Worker
Edited by Leonard Schapiro and Joseph Godson
St. Martin's, 291 pp., $18.95

BENTHAM LIVES!

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Jeremy Bentham, the great reformer of the early nineteenth century who sought in vain a moral arithmetic, created out of his fertile and obsessive brain a scheme for an ideal prison-factory which he called the Panopticon, meaning, in Greek, "all-seeing." The prison cells would be at the circumference of the five-story, star-shaped building. The prison-keeper—"the spider in the web," as Burke, with characteristic acuity, called him, much to Bentham's irritation—would be stationed in a tower at the center of the Panopticon from which he could keep all the prisoners under 24-hour observation, using a system of artificial lights and reflectors, with speaking tubes into each cell for transmission of his orders. By these means there would be created among the hapless prisoners "the illusion of a divine presence," and the "multitude" of prisoners would be turned into a mass of "solitary and sequestered individuals."

The prisoner-workers would be contracted out to private employers—Bentham as the creator of the Panopticon would be the contractor—as part of the Panopticon philosophy: "inspection, solitude, contract." The first version of this prison reform was written by Bentham while visiting his brother in czarist Russia. It was there, watching his brother run some construction projects for Count Potemkin, Catherine's favorite, that he was inspired with the idea for a new sort of prison for "subduing the contumacy of the intractable." Under Bentham's plan, prison sentences were to be arranged so that a man serving even a brief sentence "would be literally in bondage for life," as Gertrude Himmelfarb describes it in her magisterial essay "The Haunted House of Jeremy Bentham."

The Panopticon, one of Bentham's many schemes for social reconstruction in the name of humanitarianism, also had a "subsidiary establishment" which, says Professor Himmelfarb, would house and employ not only released prisoners but even those who, acquitted for want of legal evidence, were thought to be guilty. No commutation of sentences was to be permitted since that would deprive the contractor of his prisoner-worker.*

The daily existence and legal status of the Soviet worker as described by the essayists in the scholarly volume under review bear an uncanny resemblance to those in Bentham's Panopticon. The workers have rights—but only on paper. They are at the mercy of union bureaucrats whose loyalties are to the Party, not to the union members; in any confrontation between the management of an enterprise and the workers, management wins almost always. Working conditions are often unsafe and remain unsafe even after protest or accident. The living standards of the Soviet worker are incredibly low, even compared with standards in Soviet satellite countries. According to the writers—all experts in Soviet economics and industrial relations—things haven't changed much since Lenin wrote:

> When we [the Bolsheviks] established the dictatorship of the proletariat the workers became more hungry and their standard of living went down. The victory of the workers is impossible without sacrifice, without a temporary worsening of their situation.

And that "temporary worsening of their situation" has been going on for six decades, as this book shows. These essays, ably edited by Leonard Schapiro, dean of British Sovietologists, and Joseph Godson, onetime American trade-unionist turned diplomat, have a particular appositeness as the "North-South" debate about the New Economic Order heats up.

The overall effect of the book is to demonstrate—after all these years of the Soviets' trumpeting of their triumphs—how stupidly, even disastrously inefficient are socialism and central "planning" as creators of a modern, let alone advanced, economy. And even worse, how badly off the victimized workers and their families are under this Soviet totalitarian economy.

Two of the most important essays are those of Peter Wiles and David A. Dyker. The latter describes the Soviet planner's "failsafe" tactic—the "priority principle." Certain sectors in the USSR are top-priority, like military procurement. If a priority sector is threatened with unfulfillment of its prescribed targets, resources are simply shifted from nonpriority to priority sectors, which, as Professor Dyker points out, makes it evident that "there is no immediate

*Parliament thought so highly of this scheme that it was speedily approved in 1794. Fortunately for Britain's reputation, the Panopticon never saw the light of day, and in 1811 it was rejected by a parliamentary committee.

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HURRY

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We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

All you need do to get this $9.95 book *free and postpaid* (another big saving) is to enter a subscription (or renew your current one, no matter when it is due to expire) for one year at the regular $26 rate. Just check your instructions on the handy card opposite, and return it to us today. We'll send off your free copy of *Who's on First* immediately. Do it right now, before you miss out on it?

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prospect for a dramatic improvement in the living standards of the Soviet workers."

Murray Seeger, the well-informed European economic correspondent and onetime Moscow correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, describes the difficulties of getting valid information about Soviet working conditions—the kind of information which the TASS correspondent in Washington can pick up about the United States any day of the week from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Such information, he says, is second only to military information on the list of Soviet secrets.

Perhaps the most moving essay—it's really more of a memoir—is by Fyodor Turovsky, a Russian jurist, former legal consultant to *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and former chairman of the legal committee of the Moscow Construction Workers' Union, who now lives in Montreal as an émigré. His descriptions—done from the inside and with miscroscopic detail of the injustices visited on innocent workers and the terrible conditions imposed on working women—are sickening. And while there is no right to strike, says Turovsky, millions of Soviet workers strike every day. It's called absenteeism. An estimated 20 per cent of the workforce each day "simply do not turn up for work as though, for all practical purposes, they were on strike."

Bentham's Panopticon lives—in the Soviet Union. □

Education and the Democratic Ideal
By Steven M. Cahn
Nelson-Hall, 111 pp., $8.95 (paperback)

THE EASY FIX

IVAN GOLDMAN

Few Americans have any idea just how low their institutions of higher learning have sunk since they were struck by the Sixties. Obtaining a degree these days is much like getting a driver's license. The toughest part is waiting in line. In *Education and the Democratic Ideal*, Professor Steven Cahn examines some of the bizarre ideas that crept into quasi-acceptance with the Age of Aquarius—that standards are snobbery, grading an insult, exams an imposition, required courses repression, the pursuit of excellence narcissistic decadence of the worst kind. Standardized tests show where all this is taking us. Thus many educators, embarrassed by the scores, are trying to do away with the tests.

Cahn, who teaches philosophy at the University of Vermont, argues thoughtfully for a return to a system of higher education that actually educates, that doesn't wield catchwords like "relevance" as cutlasses to slash out of the curriculum everything which students have trouble grasping.

What sounds good, he tells us, doesn't always work. Witness Plato's utopian ideal of a philosopher-king elite making all the important decisions of government. The paradox here is that a functioning democracy requires an excellent system of higher education, but that a system of higher education suffers when too much democracy is built into its structure. Students and faculty are *not* equal in academic judgment. If students knew as much about the subject as faculty, they wouldn't be students. "The most unhappy students I have ever known," Cahn tells us, "were those who found themselves in a leisurely atmosphere where they learned nothing, while the happiest were those experiencing the joy of surmounting high intellectual barriers." We need, he says, stricter standards for both students and professors. Get tough. And of course he is right.

While Cahn gives us a clear idea of where we ought to be, he doesn't provide a way to get there in the real world. Instead, he limits his scope, detailing an academic platform to be admired by *philosophes*. Professor Cahn never investigates just how or why universities and colleges got so bad so quickly.

He notes—and it's an important note, because so many academics fail to recognize it—that the evaluation of professors by their students has played a large part in undercutting standards. This was one of the "reforms" of the Sixties. Students fill out anonymous, standardized forms that are routed straight to the oversight committees deciding tenure and promotion for faculty. In many institutions the students also sit on the committees with faculty. But even where they don't, the students' evaluations are given highest priority because they are the only quantitative analysis available.

"Students know if a teacher is likable but not if he is knowledgeable," Cahn explains. A professor seeking "to propitiate students, granting them favors in exchange for their support, is disgraceful, and no one should be put in a position that encourages such shameful conduct." And of course that is how the game is played these enlightened days. The system has degenerated so terribly that already we have professors seeking letters of recommendation from their students instead of the other way around.

But students wouldn't be able to wield such awesome power over faculty had their new right to evaluate anonymously not come about when it did, just when higher education was about to be trounced by other new forces. In the Seventies, enrollments shrank with declining birth rates, the average family climbed somnolently over the seven-hour mark in its daily television viewing, and taxpayers revolted against the governmental assault on their take-home pay.

Because colleges and universities now had bulging faculty rosters and too few students, they began pushing marginal students along in order to fight the dismal enrollment statistics. And with the new generation of TV babies, more and more students were grounded in situation comedy, with fewer and fewer able to meet educational challenges.

Some of the private institutions gave up, closed their doors. Some of their public counterparts should have done the same, but instead hung in there, accommodating themselves to body-count budgeting in state legislatures. So many bodies enrolled equals so many dollars. This makes life very easy for accountants and lawmakers, but is hell on education. If corporations functioned the

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same way, they would succeed solely by quantity, without regard for quality. If you produced a marshmallow tire instead of a steel-belted radial, you would be rewarded with profits just the same. Higher profits, actually, because such tires are easier to produce.

Cahn has written a little book with a big point: stop handing out degrees to everyone standing in line for them. The problem is, students, like so many junkies, would like to stay clean, yet can't resist the fix. They've explained to me many times that if one professor raises standards they will just take classes from another professor instead. And if the entire institution offers them a challenge, they will merely enroll in another institution. You can't beat that kind of reality with philosophical discourse. □

The Wings of Man: The Legend of Captain Dick Merrill
By Jack L. King
Aviation Book Company, 404 pp., $18.95

RANDOM NOTES

■ More March Titles: François Kersaudy's *Churchill and De Gaulle* (Atheneum, $19.95) is a fascinating study of the relationship between "le Monstre de Downing Street" and "l'Homme de la France" during the Second World War. . . . The thesis of James Oliver Goldsborough's *Rebel Europe: How America Can Live with a Changing Continent* (Macmillan, $12.95) is interesting in its inscrutability: it holds in brief that the nations of Western Europe are more prosperous and comfortable and confident than the U.S., and that they have learned to be impatient with our outworn notions acquired by looking at the world through "military and superpower prisms." . . . Nayantara Sahgal, author of *Indira Gandhi: Her Road to Power* (Frederick Ungar, $15.95), is also a first cousin of the Indian Prime Minister. She describes Mrs. Gandhi as a woman congenitally opposed to democratic institutions and, since the death of her son Sanjay, greatly dependent upon astrology.

Empires in the Sun: The Rise of the New American West (Putnam, $14.95), by Peter Wiley and Robert Gottlieb, is an informative study of the growth of the economic, and therefore the political, power of the Western states over the past forty years.

■ Coming in April: John Toland argues in his new book *Infamy: Pearl Harbor and Its Aftermath* (Doubleday, $17.95) that the behavior of FDR and some of his Cabinet and military men on December 7, 1942 "only makes sense if . . . Roosevelt and the inner circle had known about the attack."

■ Book Biz (First Amendment Dept.): Myron Farber, the *New York Times* reporter who covered the Dr. X murder trial in New Jersey in 1978 and who served forty days in jail for refusing to disclose to the judge notes based on stories from confidential sources, has written a book about his ordeal, to be published in August by Doubleday. Farber is alarmed by what he perceives as a tendency over the past twenty years for the authorities to demand reporters' sources. He thinks this is the result of the government's view of the press as "an aggressive institution gathering critical material that the government—for example, the Nixon Administration during the antiwar years—felt it could use." —CW

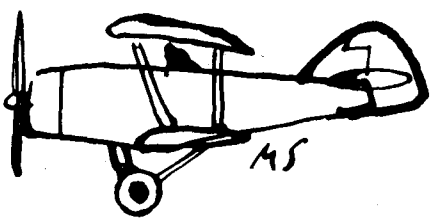
GONE FLYIN'

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

In every industry there's a lad who comes along at the right time, gets a few lucky breaks, grows up with the business, has the good fortune to live long, and finally sees his life and the history of the industry so intertwined that they'll never be separated. In the business of flying airplanes, especially passenger airliners, that lad is the legendary Dick Merrill.

Dick was born in 1894 in Luka, Mississippi and had a pretty good baseball career going for himself—he could pitch right-handed or left-handed—when he went to the State Fair in 1914 and saw Katherine Stinson's brilliant stunt-flying. From then on he wanted only one thing in life: to fly. He got to the great training field at Issoudun, France, in 1917, and flew six or seven hours, to no great avail. Back home again, he paid $600 for a war-surplus Curtiss JN-4, the old Jenny, and started his career as a barnstormer. By 1927 he was flying the mail between Atlanta and and New Orleans, and the next year he signed on with Pitcairn Aviation, the ancestor of today's Eastern Airlines. He flew with Pitcairn and Eastern forever afterwards, adding almost forty thousand hours of scheduled transport time to a logbook that already included ten thousand hours of barnstorming and gypsying around the skies, night and day, fair weather and foul, summer and winter, open cockpit, much of the time with a pet flying squirrel tucked into the breast pocket of his flying suit, and having the cockpit decently prepared for the loveliness of flight by spilling a few drops of fine perfume here and there before take-off . . .

In 1935, when Lincoln Ellsworth was given up for lost at the South Pole, a search plane was needed. Dick flew a single-engine Gamma from Kansas City to the Strait of Magellan in four days —10,700 miles of rough country—and the plane was used in the successful rescue of the great explorer. In 1936 he made the first round-trip flight over the Atlantic. That's when I first met him.



In May 1937, Dick and another EAL pilot, Jack Lambie, made the first commercial transatlantic flight, bringing back the photographs of the coronation of George VI. On the way over he took photographs of the *Hindenberg* disaster of the week before in Lakehurst, New Jersey. A London paper published the photo of the exploding dirigible under the banner headline, MERRILL FLEW THIS PICTURE.

Hollywood made a feature film about Dick, and he played the starring role. By 1938 he was receiving honorary college degrees. On stopovers in New York he always showed up at the Stork or 21 and bought dinner for his whole crew, often staying up late in the back room with Damon Runyon, Bob Considine, Ed Sullivan, Walter Winchell. Dick never smoked, never drank anything stronger than coffee, but he was a lifelong horse-player and crapshooter, and a very good one indeed. Once, approaching Newark in a rainstorm, the copilot sent the flight attendant back to the cabin to find Merrill: the Captain was needed up front. The steward found Dick in the middle of a hot crap game with the customers. "I'll be up as soon as I make my point," he says. He

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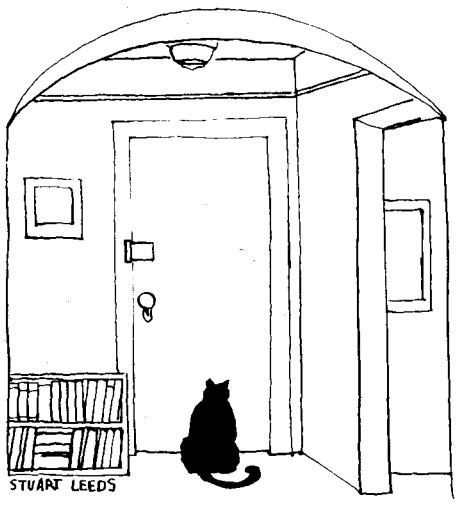
makes his point, collects the dough, sashays forward, plops down in the Captain's seat, and all's well. Of course.

At the age of 44 he married the beautiful Hollywood actress Toby Wing, and they've lived happily ever after (the romance, of course, had made headlines). During the Second World War he delivered military aircraft all over the world and survived 119 hours a month in the treacherous C-46. After the war, with the advent of ever newer transport models, Dick flew the initial delivery flights, setting speed record after speed record from the factories of the West Coast to the hangars of Miami and New York. For a few years he even got a crack at writing a syndicated newspaper column.

And now I will give you exactly five seconds to guess who was Dwight Eisenhower's chief pilot aboard an EAL Constellation during the 1952 presidential campaign, logging forty thousand letter-perfect miles of flight. Once in the White House, Ike needed some smaller, more adaptable aircraft for short hops. Dick recommended the Aero Commander (the type he owned himself, and flew when he was off duty). So Ike got Aero Commanders, and Executive aviation got a shot in the arm. Dick had met FDR and Harry Truman, and in 1959 he flew Nelson Rockefeller around New York State on a political safari; but his favorite was always Ike —and Mamie.

Federal regulations forced Dick to retire from "line" flying in 1961, but he found other ways to stay in the cockpit. In 1966 he and his old friend Arthur Godfrey took a jet Commander around the world in 56 hours, averaging 429 miles per hour, mostly at forty thousand feet, establishing 21 new speed records (three were two relief pilots as well, but Dick and Arthur were in command on 13 of the twenty hops). Dick was then 72, Arthur (shh) 67.



Dick's 87 now, and one of these days he'll just take off and fly and never come down. That'll make him so happy. □

FILM

FAILED MOONSHOT

JOHN SIMON

From that initial sequence of shots in *Shoot the Moon* introducing us to the imposing, isolated farmhouse of George and Faith Dunlap and their four young daughters, we can tell we are in for pretension and fakery. It is a moist evening in Marin County, and as the camera, en route to the house, picks out darkling, abandoned objects, it lingers over an upturned child's bicycle with one wheel still revolving. The music on the soundtrack (to be periodically repeated) is one insecure finger picking out on the piano "Don't Blame Me." The entire family is ensconced in the house; why is that spurned, forlorn wheel still spinning? What child's, or merely childlike, finger is tentatively, touchingly disclaiming guilt? We never find out; it is all simply unearned pathos fingering our compassionate nerve ends.

George is a writer in his forties who has taken up with a young woman, Sandy. Faith, his efficient and motherly wife, secretly knows about the affair; 13-year-old Sherry, the eldest daughter, even listens in on an adulterous phone conversation George improbably conducts from his house full of extension phones. As George agonizes downstairs with or without telephone, Faith and the three younger daughters are communally making up before her dresser mirror upstairs. The camera keeps cutting between George's dejection below and the shared, genuine or heroically faked, bliss above. It is all too pat, studied, and wheedling: already we are supposed to pour our empathy into this marriage that is breaking up for reasons that will never be communicated.

For we are never honestly apprised of four vital elements: the Dunlaps' financial, intellectual, moral, and marital status. George is some sort of nonfiction writer whose novel (symbolically entitled *The Court Game*) is up for one of tonight's International Book Awards at a banquet at the Fairmont Hotel across the Bay, for which the Dunlaps are heading and where George will win. He is also a successful journalist, and they live in a grand house with ample land, yet he is beset with financial worries. Faith, despite the cost of divorce lawyers, is about to have a $12,000 tennis court built for her, yet she cannot come up with the first payment of one thousand dollars.

George wins the International Book Award in provincial San Francisco at a ceremony televised in its entirety at 11:30 P.M. San Francisco and 2:30 A.M. (!) New York time (can you imagine such concern for literature from American TV?), where winners get a golden quill statuette amid all the Oscar hoopla, including "The envelope, please!," tentacular thank-you speeches by the winners, and armies of fans mobbing mere writers even in pouring rain. When, now living in Sandy's beachhouse, George goes back to his old home late in the evening to pick up his books—for which he seems at no other point to have the least use—he and Faith recall a happy trip to France in no better terms than someone's singing a Beatle song in French. When, earlier, Faith mourned her loss by smoking pot in the bathtub, she tearily sang a Beatle song (in English). Despite a lone Botero poster on the wall, the conversation never turns to art, literature, or ideas of any kind.

True, George and Sandy take the younger kids to visit Jack London's burnt-out house, and George tells them of London's greatness—no irony intended. The scene is an excuse for the adorably cute and clever little girls to wonder about the London children, on whom the tourist pamphlet is silent; muses one: "I guess he forgot about them after he married his second wife." The children keep dropping such *mots*, good for laughs, yet heart-stabbing—except when they are just being delectably bratty. But when the deeply troubled Sherry asks Faith what really happened, she is told that marriage is "like going through doors. First you go through the door together, then one person gets ahead." Asked why loving spouses cannot wait for each other, Faith replies, "I don't know." Later on, all Sherry can get from her internation-

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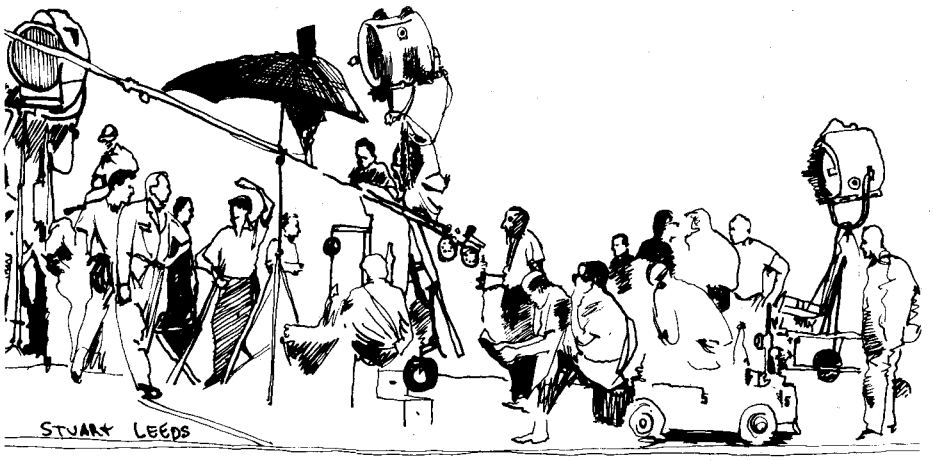

al-fiction-prize-winning father is, "Something happened between me and Mom. I don't know why. I've got to figure it out." But no one, in the film or watching it, ever does.

Faith is presented as a singularly coping woman: "Jesus, how did she manage it?" wonders George when *he* has the kids on his hands. And he tells her: "I was in awe of you." But she claims she "forgot to be a good wife," though the film offers no suggestion of this. George, apparently, helped her "grow up into a woman," yet we see him mostly sulky or sardonic. She is still meant to be attractive (if you can bear Diane Keaton), and Sandy (the scarcely more tolerable Karen Allen) is, though younger, duller and shallower. Faith, to George's jealous rage, gets involved with Frank, the tennis-court builder, a dream fellow who, to be sure, begins with a double negative ("You don't want the tennis court no more?"), but soon talks more literarily than George ("I was anxious—somewhat—to know how you feel . . ."). But at least he is more positive and easy-going than George; what does Sandy contribute other than an asthmatic son, who, however, is not allowed to undercut the cuteness of the Dunlap brood.

The film abounds in lesser and greater inaccuracies. There are references to commuter trains in Marin County; when Sherry, after long anger at her father, finally wants him, she just walks, at night, God knows how many miles from the tennis-court-inaugurating party at the Dunlaps' remote house in the hills to Sandy's house on the beach; when Faith's father suddenly dies (a tear-jerking scene dragged in from nowhere, complete with George's begging the old man not to die on him—we never knew he cared), Faith does not spend the night after the funeral with her bereaved mother but in a hotel, so that the now divorcing spouses can comically hit the sack again after a gross, ludicrous, and quite preposterous scene out of a Thirties movie.

In the fancy hotel dining room, where an utterly implausible crone croons horrendously while playing on the piano, with ten butterfingers, "Don't Blame Me," Faith and George indulge in shouted love-hate and draw their neighbors into a supposedly hilarious fight. Having preciously inched their way into bed, they lapse into post-coital mea-culpas: "*Faith:* Just now, for an instant there—I don't know—you made me laugh, George; you were kind. *George:* You're right. I'm not kind any more. *Faith:* Me neither. *George:* You're kind to strangers. *Faith:* Strangers are easy." Naturally, Sherry discovers them in bed, which exacerbates her anguish.

There are a few good scenes, too, e.g., a chance meeting between Faith and the children with Sandy in a shopping center (though even here the kids have to be too ironic by half), or the scene where George, driven to desperation by Sherry's refusal to see him or accept the typewriter he bought her as a birthday gift—probably the most portable typewriter in film history, as he drags it after her in reel after reel—savagely beats her and then begs her forgiveness. But whereas this outburst is largely believable, the final one, in which George demolishes with his car the new tennis court and the cars of the party guests (but miraculously does not hurt a single person), then gets beaten up by Frank and lies mauled and bleeding on the ground, is not credible at all. It ends with both men calling out "Faith!"—while she, the winner, deliberates, and George extends a bloodied arm to her as the soundtrack again gives us the finger and the screen a stereotyped freeze frame. Interpret this however suits your fantasies best.

Indeed, the entire film is a Rorschach test onto which everyone can project his self-serving hopes or grievances, in which nothing is really understood and illuminated, let alone transmuted into art. Yet the reviewers are heaping su-

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perlatives onto *Shoot the Moon* (not a single false scene, raves Pauline Kael; a miracle, declares David Denby), with Alan Parker's direction, Bo Goldman's screenplay, Albert Finney's acceptable and Diane Keaton's standard factitious performances eliciting the greatest raptures. Such reviewers must be strangers to the truth, and strangers, we've heard, are easy. But, as Sherry, Dana Hill is marvelous—the movie's single ungainsayable truth. □

DELECTATIONS

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND

NIKA HAZELTON

Some observations after a winter, including Christmas, largely spent in London:

Part of the time, England was buried in snow such as, apparently, they'd not seen in a hundred years. The English were very surprised that snow should fall in winter: they kept saying: "We never expected this—it should not happen." In London, no snow was swept away anywhere, apparently on the principle that "if the Lord put it there, let Him take it away." But He did not, for the longest time. No sidewalks were swept either—nowhere, not even in front of the fanciest stores. You can imagine the spills and the mess. The stated reason for this neglect was that there was no public money available to have it done, and that houseowners and storekeepers had never done this kind of work before.

British railroads do not run on Christmas and Boxing Day (the day after Christmas). Why? Because you can't expect people to work on these days, regardless of overtime, time concessions, and whatever other rewards public servants get when they have to work on public holidays. In Scotland, trains running through the Highlands expect to get stuck in the snow because the track machinery freezes. One such train out of Glasgow carried a food hamper to feed the stranded passengers, and, according to the papers, other trains were following suit. In short, when it freezes, British trains freeze too. (That is, when they are not on strike, which they were seven times in 15 days.) One might think the situation would be better in London, but the Undergrounds do not run all night, and one or two all-night buses serve the whole immense city.

My son lives one block away from Buckingham Palace, so we could observe the Royals' doings. No sidewalk sweeping was performed here either, though after a couple of weeks the space in front of the Palace from which people observe the changing of the Guards was finally cleared. The Queen does not seem to believe in visible Yuletide celebration: not a tree, a wreath, or anything else festive in the front yard or on the gates of the Palace. On one side of the Palace there was the mangiest spindly Christmas tree (put up for the help, I guess).

However, outside of London, England is still lovely and, at least apparently, not all that dispirited—or "gormless," as the expression goes. We went to Cambridge to get to Ely, a dreaming little town that has one of the most beautiful and least known of the great English cathedrals. You go through Cambridge, as lovely as ever and not yet commercial like Oxford, to the flat-as-a-pancake Fens, crossed by drainage canals.

The Ely Cathedral, which towers over the town, has a nave of triple Norman arches, as long as the eye can travel; an octagonal tower—a burst of columns ending in a fan ceiling that is a masterwork of medieval engineering; an Early English presbytery and high altar; and the loveliest of Lady Chapels, as light as Paradise—with expanses of window glass in place of stained glass, and lacy carvings where the zeal of the Reformation smashed the heads off the statues. The religious community at Ely was founded by St. Etheldreda, Queen of Northumberland, in 673 A.D.; that community gave rise to a nunnery, then a monastery, then other churches before the present Cathedral; through all the changes, daily worship has continued without interruption.

Space forbids me to describe the other glories of Ely Cathedral—the choir-stall, the carvings, the lectern, the tombs. They furnish the church, but they do not crowd it or intrude upon the awesome interior. An inkling of how completely the Cathedral was the people's own is the following poem, carved on a tombstone on the South Porch, commemorating the driver and stoker of a train killed in an early railroad accident in 1845:

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY

The Line to Heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the Rails are laid.
From Earth to Heaven the Line extends
To Life Eternal where it ends.
Repentance is the Station then
Where Passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay
For Jesus is Himself the way.
God's Word is the First Engineer—
It points the way to Heaven so dear.
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It does the way to Glory steer.
God's Love the Fire, His Truth the Steam,
Which drives the Engine and the Train;
All you who would to Glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide
In First and Second and Third Class:
Repentance, Faith, and Holiness.
You must the way to Glory gain
Or you with Christ will not remain.
Come then, Poor Sinners, now's the time,
At any Station on the Line.
If you'll repent and stop from sin
The Train will stop and take you in. □

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The GIMLET EYE

CON ARTISTS

D. KEITH MANO

Last year more than 1,500 people entered PEN's inmate writing competition. Prison has become a concrete salon: the Infamous Writers' School, sort of. They give you solitary for plagiarism now: and cancel your paperback sale. Hardly to wonder that authors develop in jail. If the alternative were one-man poker or grout counting, even I would screw my lead out with enthusiasm. Seven to 15 is a pretty declarative sentence after all: the slammer can impose structure and syntax on life. Also you've got no rent to cough up. No phone calls. No ya-ya from the children. Civilization, I'm told, evolved from a single cell. What is fiction anyhow but straight time done?

They called the symposium "Writers and Convicts—An American Romance." Aptly: Jack Abbott was on trial for murder that week. But no one, unless the observant dead, held a grudge against Norman Mailer there. Too many others have used good prose in plea-bargaining. Edgar Smith. Frank Lee Andrews. William Styron talked about his own recidivist pen pal, Benjamin Reed. All men who, with support from our literary appeals court, had been sprung by writing, then were sent back for an extensive second draft. To prove, once again, that art and morality don't travel in the same crowd.

Writers, particularly of fiction, are not integrated well at all. They tend to overestimate men who act. My characters, I acknowledge it, achieve what I haven't the bravado for. They are heroic when I am careful: vicious when I can manage only behind-hand spite. Since fiction ought to be about good and evil, criminals, by nature, assert a disturbing influence on the novelist. Both they and he are exterior to society: neither profession is honest in a middle-class sense. Novelists don't seem to work: no tangible raw material has value added by them. Moreover, novelists lie: that is, more or less, their whole business. By associating even vicariously with a convict, the writer takes revenge on intractable, distrustful civilization. Which civilization, at base, will never treat fiction with enough seriousness. David Rothenberg, president of Fortune Society (a group that helps the ex-con to adjust) has got it just about right. "I realized, when I was a kid growing up, from Jesse James to Bonnie and Clyde, I wanted them to get away with it. That was how it was written; that was how it was played. A glamorization of crime. We are frightened and fascinated perhaps by the machismo that the anti-sociability represents in the criminal."

Yet fiction is, in essence, an act of furious optimism. No matter how cynical or acquisitive the writer may seem, hope alone keeps his carriage return moving back and back. Hope, to some large extent, that fiction might penetrate human nature and, by rather naïve artistic fiat, solve or heal it. For this reason, I hazard, novelists cherish most their special knowledge of people—and are most deluded in that. To say truth, the character-creating habit dulls perception. No writer is patient enough, *qua* writer, for all that may be unstructured, inconsistent, repetitive and plain boring in, say, Jack Abbott. Novelists prefer the dramatic quirk or paradox which can synopsize a whole: can make from inmate 198749 one small narrative episode in reality. Use it for your rule: day to day, whether coping with Richard Nixon or maintenance men or editors, a novelist is both the most persistent and the worst possible judge of character.

UNDERSTAND now, I don't dissociate myself from this bill of attainder. I, too, have my convict. Last year I went moral bail for M. and got him an early parole. M. (I know this won't make you sleep better) was in prison for attempting to murder three policemen. Still, I'm certain that my art-informed perception was more accurate than the court's. M., if culpable at all, had been under great duress. The seven-to-25 sentence seemed immoderate. So far, knock on formica, my judgment hasn't been quashed. M., who is quite young, came back to a cohesive family: the adjustment appears excellent. True, whatever M. may have done, he is as yet innocent of writing. I am, nonetheless, sensitive to my position. Should M. commit a violent crime, I will be accessory.

M. was fortunate, though. Unlike Abbott, he didn't have to confront first-degree celebrity on coming out. Convicts are of an almost neolithic tribe. They have been state-bred: laboratory mice who know just one no-exit maze. Released, Edgar Smith couldn't even sleep in the dark: on Death Row, above a penal arctic circle, there is 24-hour light. Variety outside daunts. Choice may seem like some kind of trick question. As Rothenberg says, "If a man is a brilliant writer, it is assumed he can answer or dial a telephone or turn on a television set by himself." Moreover, the ex-con artist has fled his subject matter. What will he create then, a Barbara Cartland gothic? Suburban Cheever stories?

There has always been elitism and gross arrogance in art: it extends far beyond Attica or Leavenworth. Great talent, we seem to think, can write off a debt to society. If Picasso urinates in your Baldwin grand, well, call it self-expression. If I wet your damper pedal, call it malicious mischief and prosecute. Anti-social behavior in the artist—alcoholism, violence, addiction, sexual freebooting—is patronized: genius turns into eccentricity. Unpublished or unhung people are given somewhat less latitude. And artists, set apart by their obsession, reverse the assumption: they infer genius from crime. Convicts are their *landsmen*. Society, media-struck society most of all, has reinforced this bad logic: we presume that the awful discipline in art must override mere domestic or civil self-control. If I committed a triple murder, don't doubt it, sales of my next book would triple as well: and I could plead promotional stress. Some day you'll hear that an assassin has been sentenced to life imprisonment or one major novel, whichever might come first. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BEFORE THE COLORS FADE, *by Harry Reasoner (Knopf, 206 pp., $11.50).* Harry Reasoner is one of the few first-rate writers in television news—by his own admission, according to a number of sources—and it's a shame that so few of his considerable gifts in this area have been put to any kind of lasting use. There was a short novel called *Tell Me about Women*, written in 1946 and long since forgotten, and a 1966 collection of broadcast pieces called *The Reasoner Report*; and now an excellent memoir entitled *Before the Colors Fade*. That novel, though immature in style (Reasoner reportedly dis-

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR

DO YOU REMEMBER Harvey Cox? (No—that was *Eddie* Cox who married Tricia Nixon.) Harvey Cox was (is?) a Harvard theologian who wrote a book, back in the Secular Sixties, called *The Secular City*, in which he argued that modern technocratic society makes religion problematical: that the answers to contemporary human problems lie in study, not prayer; that the world is knowable inside and out; and that there are more important things to do than to sit in a seminary—things like remaking the world. This "new secularity" was followed shortly by New Left radicalism and the counterculture, which, either singly or together, were widely expected to give the coup de grace to superstition (i.e., organized religion) in the enlightened world for ever and ever. And then, as James Hitchcock writes, something happened: "By the mid-Seventies the secularized society which has apparently been the America of the previous decade had turned into a kind of religious tropical jungle."

The new religiosity has of course received a great deal of play in the media—which, however, have chosen to concentrate on the Born-Again Protestant movements and that elaborate pan-Protestant business known as the Moral Majority. By contrast, Mr. Hitchcock, in his book *The New Enthusiasts and What They Are Doing to the Catholic Church* (Thomas More Press, 180 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601; $9.95), considers the recent Catholic charismatic movement: its origins, development, and effect upon the traditional (institutional) Church.

The New Enthusiasts is explicitly an American updating of Monsignor Ronald Knox's *Enthusiasm*, first published in England in 1950. By the term "enthusiast," Knox understood a person so overwhelmed by "ultrasupernaturalism" that he is resolved to ignore existing channels of faith and to rely instead on direct inspiration. From the perspective of 1950, enthusiasm appeared to be of purely historical interest; yet, thirty years later, it is, as Hitchcock says, "a pervasive religious phenomenon, important as much for its presence in the mainstream churches as in isolated sects."

The most brilliant chapters of the book are those which sketch the culture out of which the new enthusiasm grew. It is Hitchcock's thesis that the self-preoccupation of the Seventies, far from being a betrayal of the activism of the Sixties, was simply "the inevitable working out of all the implications of the latter": that the political theory of the New Left, by "pitting the pure individual against a corrupt society," was really intent upon granting to "that pure individual moral and social privileges."

New Leftism was from the start, as at its finish and in its echoing reverberations, primarily self-interested. That self-interestedness swelled through society like an organ note, a vast ballooning solipsism, spawning within the purlieus of religion in general and the Catholic Church in particular what Hitchcock calls "spiritual adventure-seekers" and "desperate seekers after truth," none of them capable of recognizing Truth beyond the narrow limits of personal vision and experience. The result is a resurgence of the essentially Gnostic heresy that freedom from the prison of the world is to be gained only by an invisible church of the elite, and a distressing anti-institutionalism and anti-historicity that robs Catholicism, that most "unabashedly historical" of religions, of its inalienable, indivisible tradition.

HITCHCOCK ADMITS a distinction between the "ecclesiastical charismatics" and the "free-church charismatics." He is also quick to remind that emotionalism has a necessary place in religious feeling. Nevertheless, *The New Enthusiasts* is a cogent warning of the dangers that ensue when the idea of the Church as a fixed rock in a changing world is permitted to lapse, and replaced by the image of a social-democratic government in which all rules, sacraments, hierarchies, and traditions are viewed merely as functions of whimsical desire. □

misses it as "third-rate Irwin Shaw"), was obviously the work of a promising young author in the making; the 1966 collection strongly suggested that, in a more orderly world, Harry Reasoner would be writing casual essays instead of tracking down bad guys on *60 Minutes*. His new book, speaking of casual essays, contains a revealing aside: "You could be a pretty good writer, stealing things from E. B. White." Mr. Reasoner has picked up more than a few things from Mr. White, I suspect, not least of them his dry, humorous, evasively personal tone; and he is more than a pretty good writer, too. The present volume is proof of that. "What I want to talk about," Reasoner says at the beginning, "is the first 25 years of television news, or at least my first 25 years in television news, which is approximately the same thing." What follows is an informal, engaging narrative about the rocky road to stardom, one containing surprising flashes of candor—Reasoner's disappointment at having to play second banana to Walter Cronkite surfaces at several points, as does his immodest but accurate appraisal of his own worth as a newsman and writer—and precisely observed sketches of colleagues like Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly. Twenty years passed between the publication of *Tell Me about Women* and *The Reasoner Report*; it took only 15 to produce *Before the Colors Fade*. With retirement age on the horizon at last, perhaps Harry Reasoner can now be persuaded to step up his production a little more. TERRY TEACHOUT

SIXTY STORIES, *by Donald Barthelme (Putnam, 457 pp., $15.95).* Author of two novels and on his way to delivering a third one, *Ghosts*, Barthelme is mostly known for his "op-pop" stories, generous samples of which are given in this Putnam anthology. Ranging in tone from the drolly intellectual to the wittily ironic to the savagely sarcastic, they bring out the Beckett-like terseness and originality of *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (1964), the social satire of *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts* and *City Life* (1970), and the more vacuous virtuosity of *Amateurs* and *Great Days* (1979). On the whole though, *City Life* is to us the single collection that distinguishes itself not only for its zesty humor but for being a pensive parody of the fads of our time: the farcical acquiescence of young Americans to drugs and "Oriental" religion, our craze for technology, our visceral rootlessness. More moving intuitions stir here and there—a grievous meditation on our parental relations ("Views of My Father Weeping"), the twinge of a subterranean revelation ("The Emperor"), the dreamy wish for a new existence ("Grandma's House")—when Barthelme does not coat his clear-headed, cursory statements on life in layers of

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cerebral lingo and Joycian collages. But dryness, elusiveness, and technical brilliance remain the substantial features of these stories. The human factor is scant.

NEREO E. CONDINI

DOS PASSOS: *Artist As American, by Linda W. Wagner (Texas, 220 pp., $14.95).* Can an American writer ever again fill the office of citizen-artist, vacant since Whitman's death? John Dos Passos wanted the job, and a new generation of readers must begin to judge how far he succeeded. The contemporaries of Dos Passos, the "first generation," posed some enduring questions about the writer's technique. In 1936, for example, Bernard DeVoto asked whether Dos Passos's focus on externals and the outsides of his characters in *U.S.A.* deprives fiction of its preeminent value, "the exploration of individual human nature." When Dos Passos himself described his fiction he forsook the term "novel," the genre of character exploration, and invented the genre of "contemporary chronicle" to indicate his mix of history and narrative, in the tradition of *Vanity Fair* and *War and Peace*. Dos Passos wrote in 1935 that the novelist should "capture the snarl of the human currents of his time, so that there results an accurate permanent record of a phase of history." One of the contributions of Linda Wagner, a "second generation" reader, is to assemble Dos Passos's comments about his work. Unfortunately, she lacks any faculty for judging the difficulty of integrating history, character, and politics in fiction. It's fine for Dos Passos to have an explicit moral position, she says, because Norman Mailer has one too. It's all right for Dos Passos to "share" his sentiments in later fiction because of "the present demand for a feeling of intimacy in our relation with a writer." What we need, however, is someone to say whether (and how) the democracy of Whitman and Jefferson, celebrated in Dos Passos's later works, can be rediscovered and represented by a literary artist. We need someone to show whether Dos Passos succeeds, and whether his 1934 call for "a passionate unmarxian revival of AngloSaxon democracy" is a chimera or our last hope. It's a particularly urgent task for conservatives, given the nation's turn to the right in this perilous but opportune moment.

DANIEL RITCHIE

TOO MANY SONGS BY TOM LEHRER WITH NOT ENOUGH DRAWINGS BY RONALD SEARLE, *(Pantheon, 159 pp.; paperback, $8.95).* Throughout the Eisenhower Era —and for quite a few years afterward— Tom Lehrer was, so to speak, the Dave Brubeck of the literary set. His mordant songs, the work of a Harvard math major with a good ear for rhyme and a first-rate satirical bent, dealt impishly with everything from nuclear holocaust ("We Will All Go Together When We Go") to sexual aberration ("The Masochism Tango"); and, though Lehrer has been inactive as a topical songster for over a decade, his efforts from the Fifties and Sixties are still fondly remembered whenever old liberals and tolerant conservatives get together. Pantheon Books, spurred on by the success of a 1980 British revue devoted to Lehrer's old classics called *Tomfoolery*, has just brought out a folio of 34 tunes called *Too Many Songs by Tom Lehrer with Not Enough Drawings by Ronald Searle*, which offers a systematic survey of Lehrer's output. In addition to such familiar standbys as "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park" and "The Vatican Rag," Lehrer has thrown in three unpublished efforts: two newer songs written for the PBS children's show "The Electric Company" and a cheerful look at venereal disease on the march called "I Got It from Agnes." Lehrer's freshly-penned alternative lyrics for *Tomfoolery*—two of which, interestingly, add a homosexual angle to the original songs—are also included. Incidentally, half of the title is right; there really ought to be a Searle drawing for each song. Outside of that, all is splendidly ideal and long overdue.

ROSS CHANDLER

...in the March issue of The Rockford Papers...

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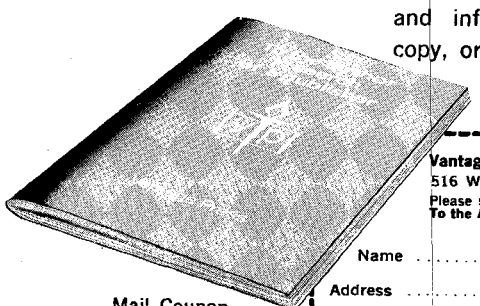

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Peace-Lovers, Unite!

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—The United Nations General Assembly, led by such devotees of non-violence as the USSR, Syria, and Libya, sent a clear message: "Israel's record and actions establish conclusively that it is not a peace-loving member state and that it has not carried out its obligation under the [UN] Charter." The proof: Israel has since 1948 defeated three attempts to destroy it.

This is the core of the indictment which employed the recent so-called "annexation" by Israel of the Golan Heights as a pretext for passing a resolution of outlawry. It is another in a series of UN gang-ups designed to divert the attention of the world, and particularly America, from the historical record.

In this respect we are incredible. While Armenians sit around Los Angeles planning revenge on a Turkish consul for a 1915 massacre, we go into a media spasm over the news that Jack Kennedy bugged his conversations—information first released in 1973 and utilized by the Senate Intelligence Committee in its subsequent work!

However, this is my problem as a history teacher, so let's go back to the persistent verbal mugging of Israel at the UN, and in its specialized agencies. In one sense, the Israelis brought it on themselves: instead of being overcome by guilt for their proclaimed sins against the caring, compassionate Arabs, they beat hell out of them in three defensive wars.

In the wake of Israel's 1967 victory, the Israelis occupied Gaza, Sinai, the West Bank of the Jordan, and the Golan Heights. This was not done because they were in the real-estate business, but to give them some elbow-room. If Israel in 1973 had had the boundaries of 1948, with no space to trade for time, the Yom Kippur War could well have seen the extermination of the "Zionist racist entity," as it's known in peace-loving Arab circles.

Unable to "drive the Jews into the sea," the Arab states, with Soviet advice, set out to portray Israel as an international leper. One line of agitprop involved the Palestinians, who had hardly been heard from before 1967. The reason for this low profile was that Jordan had in the 1948 war occupied the West Bank and thus had from 1948-1967 to establish a Palestinian state.

Curiously, there was no movement in this humanitarian direction. Indeed, King Hussein's policy toward Palestinian organizations then, as now, was that he wanted them literally underground. With Egyptian President Nasser's backing, the Palestinian majority in Jordan tried to pull a coup in 1958, but the British providentially sent in the "Red Devils," and the commandos saved Jordan from majority rule.

After Israel's liberation of the West Bank from Jordan in 1967, the Palestinians suddenly turned up front and center. It was almost comic: the Saudi monarch announced solemnly that he would never worship in Jerusalem's Great Mosque until the Israelis were out, even though he had never previously made a Moslem novena there. And the number of brutalized, exiled, forlorn, and uprooted Palestinian refugees from Israel approached the fifty-million mark.

In the north, the position of the Israelis before 1967 was comparable to that of the poor brave Aussies in the superb film *Gallipoli*. The Golan Heights towered over Galilee; for Syrian artillerymen, it was like shooting ducks in a barrel. Fortunately their aim was terrible, but, had Israel not seized the area, there could have been accurate East Germans on the job next time round.

In 1967, Israel, for eminently sensible reasons, occupied the West Bank, Gaza, Sinai, and the Golan Heights. The Jerusalem government, in full accordance with UN Security Council Resolution 252, then awaited peace negotiations. None were forthcoming, although normally the losers approach the winners. Instead, the losers planned the ferocious assault of 1973.

Finally Egypt broke the ice and made peace. As a consequence, Israel is returning Egyptian turf captured in 1967. But

Jordan and Syria, the other belligerents, refused to follow suit and joined the denunciation of Egypt for selling the pass. There was no movement by Syria as Israel decided to substitute civil for military administration in the Golani, utilizing Israeli law.

In short, Israel has not annexed the Heights. They will be on the agenda for peace talks with Syria whenever this "peace-loving" member of the UN decides to take up its peace option, instead of breathing fire at Turtle Bay. □

DEMOCRATIC QUANDARY

Boston—During the 1952 campaign I predicted, with complete conviction that Adlai Stevenson would defeat Dwight Eisenhower. Fortunately I wasn't teaching American politics at the time, so Haverford was not deluged with student demands for tuition reimbursement. The net effect was wholesome: I learned never to believe my own press releases, never to allow wishful thinking to overpower mere facts.

True, there are liabilities: in the fall of 1980 I was accused of selling out when (on the record) I predicted that Ronald Reagan, with an assist from John Anderson, would take over forty states. However, attacking the herald who brings bad omens is an old habit, and at least he is no longer executed.

In this clinical capacity, let us examine the present and future prospects of the Democratic Party, which already seems to think it has the 1982 congressional elections in the bag and Reagan on the run. First, these are two distinct propositions: presidential clout is always at a minimum in Senate and House elections where the big issues are going to be economic and every candidate must adjust to survival in his state or constituency.

In other words, callous as it may sound, Democrats who want to get elected in the Frost Belt will not make it if they campaign for Congress in the South Bronx. Indeed, running as a Democrat in upstate New York or downstate Illinois on a "Save the Big Apple," or "Rescue Chicago," platform is a kamikaze exercise.

Once upon a time the big cities had intrinsic clout, but as a result of the 1980

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census not only do the big industrial states lose seats in the House, but these seats have to come from the cities; two will vanish in Brooklyn alone.

By demographic coincidence these are precisely the areas most starkly affected by the recession, a reflection of Jesus' cogent observation, "To them that hath shall it be given; from them that hath not shall it be taken away." In the City of God this inequity would presumably be remedied, but in the United States we live with the separation of church and state.

New York's mayor, Ed Koch, was, in short, right on course when he argued that if the Democrats advertise as the party of the poor, they will get clobbered. The young and the poor, categories that in rundown urban centers have considerable overlap, don't vote. Don't believe me: ask whatshisname, the new Republican governor of New Jersey, a state with spectacular urban rot.

AT THE OTHER end of the age spectrum, the almost 24 million over 65 who are compulsive voters, the Reagan economic plan caused some jitters. Elaborate pains have now been taken in the new budget to ease that apprehension: the only pension chop is aimed at government and military programs allegedly rife with "double-dippers." And the unemployment issue is irrelevant to the retired, while the almost 50 per cent cut in inflation is real.

Indeed I was quite startled when I got down to the figures, the endless parade of horribles in the media, to discover the unemployment rate is only one percentage point higher than Jimmy Carter's and that inflation is down to less than 7 per cent. The reason this has not registered is that states, major industries, and heads of households have been hit hard by factory closings and cutbacks, while a sharp decline in inflation tends to be invisible. Who notices that prices have not jumped?

To return to the 1982 Senate and House elections, it is absurd to talk of either a Democratic or Republican triumph. In probably 80 per cent of the House seats, if a Democrat beats a Republican there will be no change in ideological predilection. An urban liberal Democrat will beat an urban liberal Republican; a Frost Belt conservative Democrat will beat a Republican cut from the same cloth.

In national terms, the Democratic Party is, as we sailors say, in irons. There must be a dozen covens of eager saviors—the number of people making a living at it reminds me of Senator Roscoe Conkling's 1870s observation that "when Dr. Johnson said patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he neglected the infinite possibilities of reform."

All the position papers in the world won't get the party out of a fundamental dilemma: a left turn risks political suicide, but to go right and hunt where the ducks are could be futile. Why should a voter take the carbon copy instead of the original?

Which leads to the big question: Who will be the Democratic tribune? Ted Kennedy is still running for the 1936 nomination, Fritz Mondale has just moved from the sofa to the arm-chair meditating, and Jerry Brown was bitten by a fruit fly. To paraphrase Shakespeare's Richard III, "a horse, a horse, our party for a horse." □

FIND THE LEAK

Boston—Even the laid-back Californians are in a rage about leaks of confidential information to the press. The President issued orders that no official involved in national-security policy will be authorized to talk to a reporter without previous permission. Afterward the official must file a written report on matters discussed. Whenever an "unauthorized disclosure" occurs, all employees with access to the material will be subject to investigation.

Reading this, I suddenly had an acute sense of déjà vu: these were precisely the rules President Lyndon B. Johnson promulgated for his White House staff. Before I had lunch with a member of the Washington press, I cleared it with the press secretary, and afterward filed a memorandum of the conversation.

On May 26, 1967, for example, I filed a report on meeting a British journalist and noted, "He is writing an article on the Middle Eastern Crisis and wanted my views. I told him I was not an authorized spokesman for the United States Government. . . . He said he wanted my private views as a 'distinguished political scientist.' That, naturally, turned me on, and I gave him the essence of Wednesday's editorial in the *Washington Post*. He congratulated me on the brilliance of my analysis and I went home in a cheerful mood."

As this example may suggest, I never took this exercise terribly seriously because in my experience the big leaks came either from the top, or from the murky depths of the government, not from responsible second- and third-echelon staff. Part of my job in the White House was to leak information to individuals, but it was not a do-it-yourself enterprise. It was done under LBJ's instructions, or after clearing an idea of my own with him.

Our big problem was to keep the President from losing his security clearance. One day in 1967, President Johnson had his old friend the columnist Drew Pearson in for a visit. He had learned that Pearson was about to shift to an anti-Vietnam position and wanted to "reason with him." He asked me to attend. It was a classic example of the "treatment," but Pearson kept coming back with the question, "Why don't you negotiate?"

Finally LBJ reached into one of the 15 inside pockets of his jacket and pulled out a "Top Secret," "NODIS," "Eyes Only, the President and Secretary" cable from Europe which indicated the Swedes were making progress in bringing Hanoi to the conference table.

Pearson was impressed; he and the President went off to lunch at the Mansion, and I went back to my office, called Walt Rostow and William Jorden, his top aide on Vietnam, and told them to man the pumps. Sure enough, next morning Drew Pearson had the cable in his column, practically verbatim.

Then came a cable from Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker in Saigon which sizzled. He was outraged by the leak and demanded the leaker's head be impaled on the White House spiked fence. Shortly the fire alarm, the direct presidential line on my phone, went off: an irate Lyndon Johnson was roaring mad about the leak, which he blamed on the State Department. I held the phone at arm's length while he cooled off, then said, "Mr. President: you showed that cable to Pearson yesterday."

"I did?" He was incredulous. "Yes, I was there, and as soon as you left I called Walt and Bill to tell them to brace for the storm." "Hmmmmmm," he replied, and hung up. On other occasions, furious at some attack on his "credibility," he would call me or Harry McPherson and say, "Get ahold of [three or four top White House correspondents] and brief them" on some highly classified project.

HARRY AND I would discuss the bright idea and usually ignore it—unless he called back with a hard order, a rare occurrence. One of our tasks was to protect the President from himself, an aspect of the job Richard Nixon's aides never understood. Johnson may have been a leaker, but I later learned that Henry Kissinger made the garrulous Texan seem like a deaf-mute.

The other places to find leakers defy even expert plumbers. There is an unofficial network of over-aged radical youths, most of them extremely able, on congressional staffs and at the anonymous levels in the National Security bureaucracy.

Thus a leak which seems to come from the Hill—as did the disastrous March 1968 story that we were sending massive reinforcements to Vietnam—can start with a nobody in Defense: Daniel Ellsberg, connected with International Security Affairs at the Pentagon, gave this story to a member of Senator Kennedy's staff. It was untrue, we tried to track it, but the participants had low silhouettes: I got the information a decade later from Arthur Schlesinger's biography of Robert Kennedy. □

(King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Dialogue on the Budget

On The Right

New York, Feb. 12—**D:** You voted for Reagan, if you'll forgive my bad manners in reminding you?

R: Yawp.

D: He promised to eliminate the budget deficit by 1984, but the deficit will be—by his reckoning—$83 billion in 1984. What is your comment?

R: That no one running for President, whether it's FDR, or Carter, or Reagan, should "promise" to eliminate the deficit, because no President has the power to eliminate the deficit.

D: Does that mean that if a President had plenipotentiary power he actually *could* eliminate the deficit?

R: Yawp.

D: How?

R: Easy, lower the top tax rate to 25 per cent, thereby increasing the tax base. Also, index the national debt, and reduce the carrying costs from about 13 per cent to about 3 per cent.

D: Ho ho ho, you have a good sense of humor.

R: Ho ho ho, you've run Congress all but two years since Hoover and you've had deficits ever since Hoover.

D: Well, granting a President isn't in a position to exercise plenipotentiary power, would you say that Reagan has made a satisfactory start?

R: Depends what you mean by satisfactory. He has made a terrific start if you compare him to his predecessor. His budget calls for a 4.5 per cent increase in spending, and a decrease to 6.6 per cent in inflation. That means that notwithstanding an increase in military spending (18 per cent), Reagan calls for a net decrease in public spending. That's good.

D: Oh that's good, is it? A decrease in public spending is necessarily good?

R: It is if you conclude that exorbitant increases have caused organic economic difficulties. If the Soviet Union were to announce tomorrow that it was going to reduce its public spending not by 4.5 per cent but by 45 per cent, wouldn't you consider that good?

D: I'm supposed to be asking the questions around here. You consider a deficit of $100 billion tolerable?

R: Odd word, "tolerable." That means, Could we tolerate it? Answer: Sure, we could. Sub-question: Is it good to have a deficit? Sub-answer: No, it is bad to have a deficit. But if you ask the question: Would it be better to have a 50 per cent increase in the size of the deficit, or a 50 per cent increase in the size of inflation, I'd say the former.

D: Why?

R: Because inflation affects all spending. A deficit affects only a part of public spending.

D: But doesn't a deficit propel a large inflation?

R: There is no exact corollary. A large deficit increases inflation, but doesn't dictate the size of it. For instance, if you had a $100-billion deficit but an inflation that diminished from Carter's 12.6 per cent to Reagan's projected 6.6 per cent, you're net better off.

D: Does that mean you suddenly come out in favor of deficit spending?

R: No. It means that if Congress is determined to spend beyond our income, it's better to finance that spending by borrowing, than by taxing. Borrowing takes money from the pool available for lending. But taxing discourages the kind of activity that results in the formation of any pool. Tax too much—and there is no pool. Inflate too much—and the pool asks huge interest before making savings available for investment.

D: Aren't you alarmed by the forecast of 7.9 per cent unemployment next year?

R: Yes. But my alarm began a long time ago, when workers got raises unattached to productivity increases, when government spent money without reference to its availability. If a family earns $10,000 a year and a new car costs $10,000, that family isn't likely to buy a new car, and the people who make cars will be laid off. Inflation is a cause of unemployment.

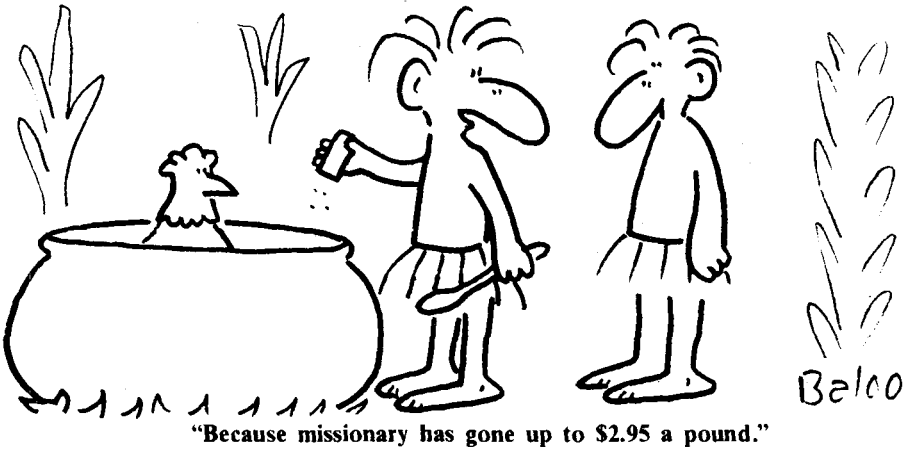
D: Huh! I suppose you're trying to tell me that the fight against inflation is a fight to diminish unemployment?

R: To the extent that I can hope to tell you anything, the answer is yes. □

AUTO PILOT?

New York, Feb. 5—I do not tire of recalling a conversation with Richard Nixon in 1967 in which he told of the variety of options available to a President of the United States in foreign policy. I held what he said to be true, until President Nixon was himself overtaken; but that was a result of his preoccupation with Watergate, and the general demoralization that came upon us at the end of the Vietnam War.

What Nixon, having served Ike for eight years as Vice President, said, was that no one can imagine, who has not held the first or second Executive office, what a President can do if he faces a dashboard, studies the data every day by reading reports of the National Security Council and of the Central Intelligence Agency, and recognizes that his hand, moving about the control panel, can direct the foreign policy of the ship of state. Oh, there are limitations, of course: we all know that, even though these limitations are not easy to write into law. There have been (at last count) one hundred protracted military engagements by U.S. forces with no accompanying declaration of war. The last great war we got into was declared by the Congress of the United States, but its inevitability was the handiwork of the President of the United States. We ask ourselves the question,



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then, what is it that binds the hands of Ronald Reagan?

The complaint is made that State Department officials are running United States foreign policy and that they, for reasons organic to their temperament, are pacifists. But that actually is not the perfect word for it: temporizers is better. Let us for the sake of this analysis assume this to be true. Well, there is a Secretary of State, who is sovereign over the department, or is supposed to be. There are of course differences in style: John Foster Dulles liked to write foreign policy and, having done this, was said to have left the department pretty well alone, to be guided by underlings. To the extent that such underlings undermined Mr. Dulles's own policies there was, of course, difficulty.

In the case of Mr. Haig we have, really, an unclear vision. On the one hand he is associated with the Kissinger wing of the Vietnam War. Mr. Haig backed the invasion of Cambodia, the isolation of Haiphong, the so-called Christmas bombing. And by the time he found himself not at Kissinger's side but at Nixon's, the whole Executive operation had been so weakened that no one could do anything purposive. When Mr. Kissinger approved sending a carrier from the Philippines to the Gulf of Tonkin to discourage what was to prove a decisive campaign of the North Vietnamese, he was stopped by such as Javits and Cooper and Church, who threatened to invoke legislative authority against the use of U.S. arms. So it went in Angola, when Mr. Kissinger sought to disestablish the myth of Cuban invincibility. Mr. Haig, meanwhile, was impotent in all matters except the most supremely important matter of the day, namely to ease Mr. Nixon, then fatally wounded, from the White House. The post-Nixon period of Executive recuperation was slow. Eight months later, Vietnam was gone.

BUT MR. REAGAN has confounded his supporters by his failure, not to arrogate powers that belong to Congress, but to use powers that are indisputably his. Mr. Haig's mission to meet with Gromyko in Geneva may have given him the opportunity to say harsh things to Gromyko, but nothing would have sounded harsher than Haig's refusal even to go to Geneva. It is difficult, eight weeks after the imposition of martial law in Poland, to think of anything decisive done by Mr. Reagan. Perhaps that is why in a news story filed as late as January 26, the British press-agency Reuters could refer to "Western Anger at Moscow's Alleged Involvement in the Polish Crisis." That's like referring to William Paley's alleged involvement in the affairs of CBS.

The meetings in Washington last week of the Old Right and the New Right were in accord in believing that Mr. Reagan has not done enough in the matter of Poland. Diplomatic contacts with the Soviet Union have continued, cheap credit to the Soviet Union and to the Eastern bloc continues, no complementary initiatives are taken in our so-called part of the world. Richard Nixon's control panel is there with all kinds of lights flashing and data being recorded. But it is set on auto pilot. □

THE ISRAELI BLUES

New York, Feb. 15—The British historian Alistair Horne, whose work has brought him great renown, has for many years publicly and privately argued the case for Israel. Moreover his sympathy for Israel crystallized notwithstanding the personal tug of his own experiences. As a young officer in the Coldstream Guards he was assigned to duty in Palestine, and there two of his 19-year-old subordinates were ambushed and hanged by terrorists of the Irgun, which organization was at the time headed by Mr. Begin himself. It is important in passing to re-record that Mr. Begin's activities were specifically condemned by the Israeli leadership, so that it becomes less easy to say, as Jesse Jackson likes to do, that Israel has no right to criticize the terrorism of the PLO given "Israel's" history. It wasn't Israel's history, but the present danger is that Israel's history and Begin's fanaticism may merge.

This point, made by Mr. Horne, threatens to infect the basis of Israel's support, which has all along been one part geopolitical, and nine parts moral. In England, Horne reports, the feeling grows that Mr. Begin has no intention at all of coming forward with any strategic plan for a Palestinian "entity," as President Mubarak now calls it, since everyone is afraid of pronouncing the word "Palestinian state." The essence of the Israeli case has always been the right of a people to a homeland, sanctified in the case of the Jews by tradition and by the special ties the Jewish people have felt for Jerusalem. But the right of a people to a homeland is, at root, impartial. The Palestinians are also entitled to a home. It was the purpose of the Camp David meetings to build on the great initiative of President Sadat, who proffered reconciliation with Israel. One chapter of that initiative is scheduled to close successfully when Israel returns the balance of the Sinai to Egypt. But the uncharted second chapter greatly threatens the initiative of Sadat in 1978, which looked not only to the repatriation of his country's territories, but to the settlement of Palestinian hopes.

Now although PLO leader Arafat is thoroughly objectionable, and although the Palestine National Council persists in declining to accept the existence of Israel, supporters of Israel are increasingly embarrassed by the failure of the Begin government to articulate *terms* on the basis of which something on the order of a homeland might be established. The anti-Israeli crowd have all along insisted that Mr. Begin never had any intention to give up the West Bank or the Gaza Strip, that he would come up with excuse after excuse for not doing so. And that in the meantime he would encourage an increase in the settlements in the area. And now the critics are in a position to add that the time may come when Begin will do to the West Bank what he did two months ago to the Golan Heights: simply annex the area.

Now, intransigence in the matter of the security of the state is one thing. If it disguises a form of aggrandizement, it is something else again. Horne's point, and I agree with it, is that Begin is diminishingly plausible as someone who seeks Israeli security within the old frontiers. Increasingly he fits the mold of the Zionist impelled by Biblical appetites to settle as a part of Israel the area once known as Samaria. And the problem for Israel—recognized as a problem by many Israeli leaders and sympathizers—is to distinguish between Begin, who is only a single political figure, however seized he appears to be by his afflatus, and the State of Israel. It is their ambition that the latter should survive the former.

WHAT'S NEEDED? Surely the precedent of Austria in 1955 is useful.

The Austrian Peace Treaty resulted in the single voluntary retreat by the Soviet army from territory occupied during the World War. But the terms were tough: Austria would remain neutral. The armed forces of Austria would be restricted to what was needed to police the country. Although Austria is for obvious reasons emotionally attached to NATO rather than to Warsaw, in fact it has presented no threat to Russian satellites.

A Palestinian state without the right to an armed force would not come into being as an emasculate. The Palestinians would simply have to accept the humiliation of having no army or air force, or other potential that might threaten Israel. But in other respects, such a state would have sovereignty to make its own laws; and these laws should grant the same rights to Israelis living in Palestine as the Israelis grant the Palestinians living in Israel. Only a gesture by Begin in the direction of such an agreement would repristinate the enthusiasm that Alistair Horne and others have felt for so many years for Israel. The present course is deeply dangerous. Imagine an Israel in which Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem were President, and Shimon Peres Prime Minister. One can dream. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What the doctrine of the Democratic Party was before New Dealism — 97 20 2 26 157 55 127 92 180 136 / 141 168 10 17 77

B. A legislative bill with one or more riders — 27 178 15 106 89 159 50

C. An expensive item of infants' furniture? — 60 164 116 140 174 144 3 182 95

D. A large group of television stations that emit the same garbage — 64 139 117 151 51 126 181

E. The surname of a father and a daughter who appeared on the stage — 108 9 162 38 52 145 150

F. A physician (1867-1960) who headed Old-Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd. — 120 40 53 79 99 123 107 166

G. Supported against an adversary — 153 71 131 54 5 83

H. Touched, as property — 179 155 158 94 114 41 56 88

I. A diplomat's note to his government asking for instructions — 23 29 58 61 68 90 8 39 86 93

J. An automobile's rear seating compartment — 130 44 73 122 125 7 16

K. A small fish that is used for bait — 6 101 11 45 63 21

L. I FIT INDEED (anagram) — 14 12 22 33 65 74 137 81 96 105

M. The "Outs" in the British House of Commons — 4 25 69 78 110 121 124 146 152 160 / 167 59 175 30 19

N. A type of accelerator — 87 109 176 24 132 66

O. A formal expression by a court — 57 31 170 115 1 18 28

P. A moving picture theater during World War I (as I remember!) — 91 34 113 80 104 154 169 118 128 148

Q. A light meal — 171 98 112 62 134 46 35 82

R. The reclaiming of land from the sea — 32 133 129 72 183 177

S. To disconcert — 156 67 102 163 42 135

T. A vestment for the ancient Hebrew high priest — 165 47 138 70 142

U. Kept — 49 172 161 119 103 36 149 184

V. In a couple of colors — 143 84 75 100 147 173 48

W. A clerical worker in the Navy — 43 111 85 13 37 76

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 248 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 O	2 A	■	3 C	4 M	5 G	■	6 K	7 J	8 I	9 E	10 A	11 K	12 L	■	13 W	14 L	15 B
16 J	17 A	■	18 O	19 M	20 A	■	21 K	22 L	23 I	24 N	■	25 M	26 A	■	27 B	28 O	29 I	■
30 M	31 O	32 R	33 L	34 P	35 Q	36 U	■	37 W	38 E	39 I	■	40 F	41 H	42 S	43 W	■	44 J	45 K
46 Q	■	47 T	48 V	49 U	50 B	51 D	52 E	■	53 F	54 G	55 A	56 H	■	57 O	58 I	■	59 M	60 C
61 I	■	62 Q	63 K	64 D	65 L	66 N	67 S	68 I	69 M	■	70 T	71 G	72 R	73 J	74 L	75 V	76 W	■
77 A	78 M	79 F	80 P	81 L	82 Q	83 G	■	84 V	85 W	86 I	87 N	88 H	■	89 B	90 I	■	91 P	92 A
■	93 I	94 H	95 C	96 L	■	97 A	98 Q	99 F	100V	101K	102S	103U	104P	105L	■	106B	107F	■
108E	109N	110M	111W	112Q	113P	114H	115O	116C	■	117D	118P	119U	120F	■	121M	122J	123F	■
124M	125J	126D	127A	128F	129R	■	130J	131G	132N	133R	■	134Q	135S	■	136A	137L	■	138T
139D	■	140C	141A	142T	■	143V	144C	145E	■	146M	147V	148P	149U	150E	■	151D	152M	153G
154P	155H	■	156S	157A	■	158H	159B	160M	161U	162E	163S	164C	165T	166F	■	167M	168A	■
169P	170O	171Q	172U	173V	174C	175M	176N	177R	■	178B	179H	180A	181D	182C	183R	184U	■	■

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President, B. Shehadi & Sons
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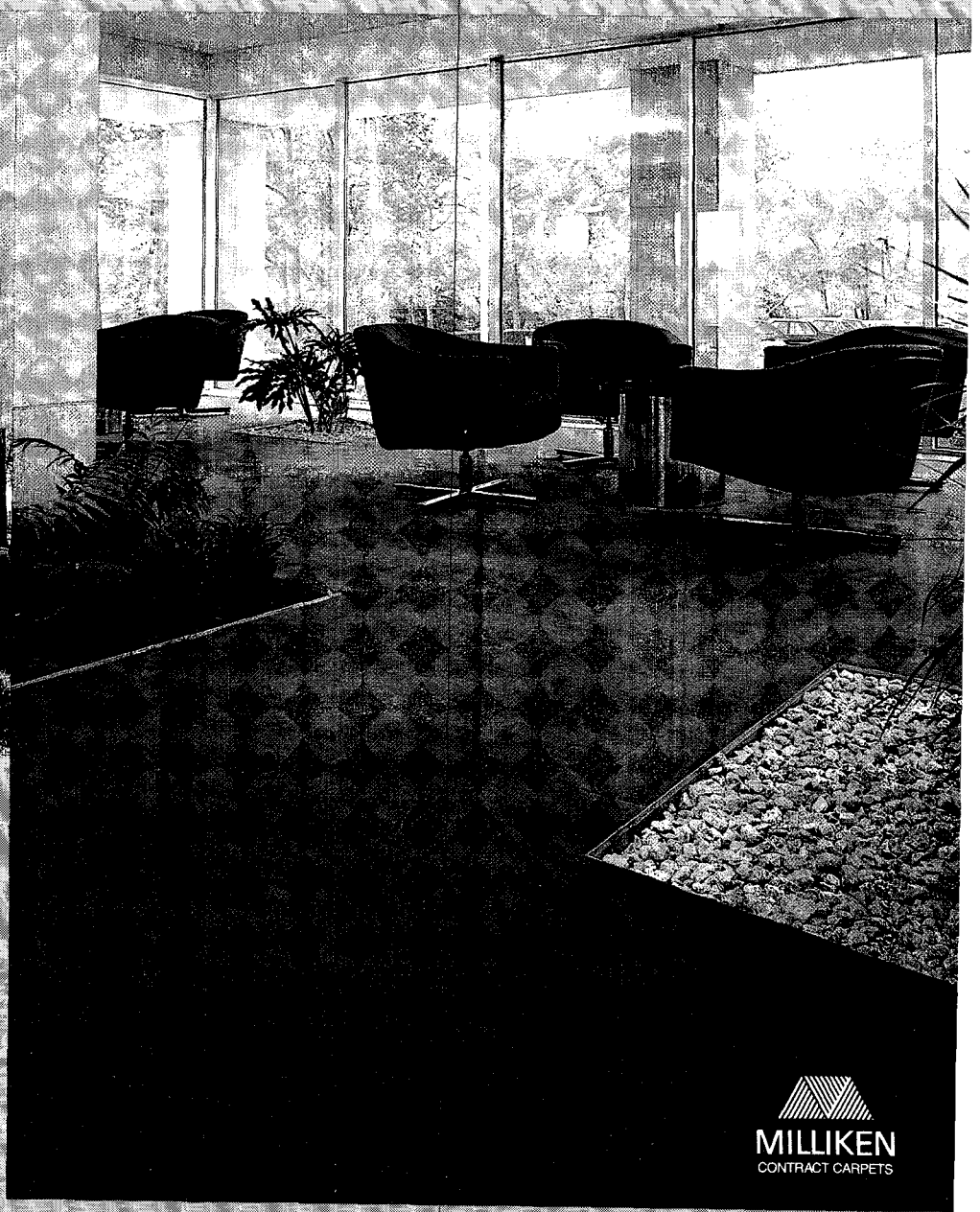

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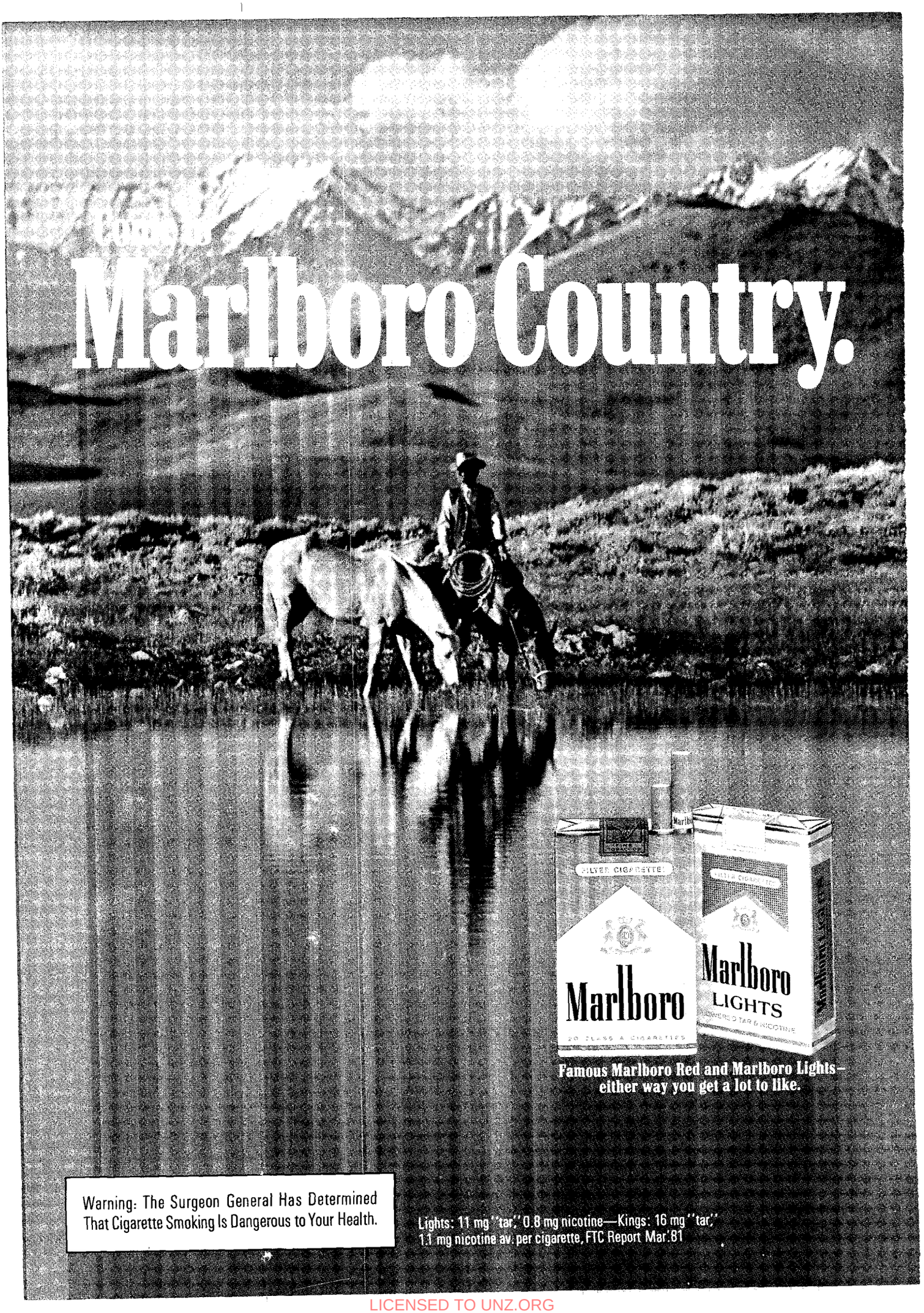
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